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Events of the Week.

For the first time since its meetings began, the Peace Conference really came to a beginning of business on Wednesday. The Turks presented their counter-proposals, which mark some advance towards the recognition of facts. The questions of Albania, the Aegean Islands, and Crete are left for discussion with the Powers, but the autonomy of Albania is apparently accepted, while, on the other hand, Turkey refuses to cede any of the Aegean Isles. The one real step forward is that Turkey agrees to cede to the allies all occupied territory west of the Vilayet of Adrianople, but insists, subject to a rectification of frontiers, which she wishes to discuss with Bulgaria alone, on retaining the whole of this vilayet. This would leave in her hands, not merely the territory east of the Maritza, but the considerable intervening country east of Drama and Kavala, including the Port of Dedeağatch. The reply of the allies is firm, and maintains all their former proposals, alike in regard to Adrianople and the islands. They reject any separate negotiation, and maintain their united front. In a published statement Dr. Daneff insists that too much may be made of the fact that the Turks have at last consented to negotiate. He declares that the allies

will abate none of their demands, and will break off negotiations at the next sitting if they are not conceded.

* * *

So far as Adrianople is concerned, there is little doubt that the weight of the Triple Entente is being powerfully used to induce Turkey to yield on this point. The German press points rather persistently to the inconvenient ethnographical fact that most of the country south-east of Adrianople, including the city itself, is really more Turkish and Greek than Bulgarian. But there is no reason to suppose that German diplomacy is encouraging the Turks to hold out. The "Tempe" makes the interesting suggestion that perhaps the "face" of Turkey may be saved by an arrangement which would give Adrianople to Bulgaria under a nominally temporary, but really permanent, arrangement, as security for an indemnity, which Turkey, as usual, would never pay.

* * *

THE question of the Aegean islands, of which some are still in the possession of the Italians, will in the end probably be settled by the Powers, and this problem was before the Conference of the Ambassadors which met on Thursday. Meanwhile the inconclusive fighting round Jannina continues, and we much regret to learn of the death there, in battle, of Mr. Palmer Newbould, the Liberal Agent at Birmingham, and a member of the Balkan Committee, who was fighting, as he also did in 1897, as a volunteer, with the Greeks. A letter from Mr. Newbould appeared in a recent number of THE NATION. Fuller news, from impartial sources, makes it fairly certain that the Greek fleet achieved a real success in its encounter with the Turks off the Dardanelles.

* * *

THE general diplomatic situation is now reassuringly clear. The Austrian war party is, indeed, still making belated efforts to pick a quarrel with Servia, but they pass almost unnoticed. The relaxation of tension is now so generally recognised that hopeful efforts are being made to induce Austria and Russia to proceed to a simultaneous demobilisation. The only disquieting rumors come from Roumania, which is once more said to be on the verge of mobilisation, and to have made a peremptory demand for some 30,000 square kilometres of Bulgarian territory by way of "compensation" for Bulgarian aggrandisement in Turkey. These statements have been authoritatively denied. But certainly Roumania is still making extensive military preparations, and she is presenting some demands to Bulgaria through M. Take Jonescu, who is coming as her special envoy to London.

* * *

THE Tory split on food taxes has developed into a furious newspaper war, with Mr. Garvin and Lord Northcliffe as rival generalissimos. The forces are fairly well divided, but in weight the anti-food-taxers predominate. The "Mail" carries the "Times" with it and the rest of the newspapers controlled by the potentate whom Mr. Garvin calls "Uncle Five-Heads." Lord Northcliffe is further charged with issuing a Chinese edict from his "Dragon Throne," and underlining it with a "vermillion pencil." The conflict of policy is direct. The free-

fooders call upon Mr. Law to reverse the Bolton speech; the Preferentialists order him to stick to it, and both claim the dismembered leader (or parts of him) for their own. The "Birmingham Post" declares that there must be no Referendum for Britain, but that a definite scheme of food taxes must be prepared and submitted to the Colonial Conference, though pains must be taken to avoid the appearance of making the Colonies responsible for our taxes.

On the other hand, the "Liverpool Courier," now joined by the "Manchester Courier," insists that the Referendum shall be set up again; and the "Telegraph" proposes the slight variant of a second election. The "Daily Graphic" affects to have discovered that only twenty Tory members of Parliament now adhere to food taxes. Thus encouraged, the Free Fooders appear inclined to force the issue by demanding from members and candidates definite pledges against the obnoxious taxes. Some action of this character will probably be set up at the adjourned meeting of the Lancashire Unionist Association, with Lord Derby in the chair. Another school proposes preference for Colonial products other than foods and raw material, and yet another to leave the Colonies out and go for home Protection, industrial, or agricultural, or both. There is no immediate question of Mr. Law's supersession, his colleagues on the Front Bench naturally supporting the Ashton speech which they forced on him, and both the warring sections desiring or pretending to desire him to continue. But his authority, "moral" or other, is gone.

THE two parties have again exchanged fencing retorts on the question of the inclusion of Ulster in the Home Rule Bill and of a reference to the electorate either before the Bill passes through Parliament, or in the interval between its passage and its coming into operation. The Ulster members, led by Sir Edward Carson, again stated their case, with more moderation and gravity of tone than usual, first in a memorial to the Prime Minister, and, secondly, in a motion on the Report stage of the Home Rule Bill, which opened on Monday. The amendment was largely discounted by the statement of the "Times" that the Irish Unionists outside Ulster attached no importance to it save as a means of "troubling" Liberal consciences, and that they would be "horrified" if Ulster were really shut out of a Home Rule system. But Mr. Asquith, after declaring that its acceptance would destroy the Bill, and insisting that only two Ulster counties were recalcitrant, and that Ulster as a whole contained seven Catholics to nine Protestants, asked the Parliamentary Ulstermen point-blank what would be Ulster's attitude if the Bill, with Ulster included, were submitted to the electorate.

To this renewal of an old challenge the Ulstermen made, as usual, no reply, for the obvious reason that defiance would be fatal to their case with the British people. But Mr. Law gave a partial answer. If, he said, a direct election were taken on the Home Rule question, and he were still the Unionist leader, he would not, "in any way, shape, or form," encourage Ulster to resist. On the other hand, if the Bill were enforced on Ulster against the will of the people of this country, he would assist them. Is it possible that Mr. Law is really panting for an early election? If so, the Government are just now under a singularly strong temptation to gratify him. Mr. Law further stated, in a hot passage, that Ulster loyalism would prefer annexation by a foreign

country to government by a Dublin Parliament, an indiscretion which Mr. Churchill italicised by asking whether the Kaiser was to be Ulster's future War Lord. The amendment disclosed no fissure in the Ministerial party, being defeated by nearly the normal majority, namely, 97 votes (244 to 197).

THE successor of M. Fallières, who has almost completed his seven years' term as President, is to be elected on January 17th. Contrary to the usual practice, M. Poincaré, the Prime Minister, has publicly announced his own candidature, and M. Ribot, whose prospects had seemed good, has followed his example, though with a rather bad grace. M. Bourgeois has, meanwhile, announced that under no circumstances will he accept election. His ostensible reason is ill-health, but there is little doubt that he might have consented to stand if the Radical Party had desired it. M. Clemenceau is occasionally mentioned as in the running, and M. Combes more frequently. M. Deschanel has allowed it to be known that he will accept nomination.

THE doctors' strike has practically been broken. The Insurance panels can easily be filled for London, Scotland, Wales, the colliery districts, large tracts of the Midlands, and most of the great urban centres. Lancashire is still a little obdurate, but we are informed that even in Manchester and Salford panels can be secured. Where, as in some cities and towns, the doctors have held back, the organisation of a salaried service is easily attainable, and will, we hope, gradually set a new standard of medical duty and skill in the treatment of the poor. The hospitals have put no obstacles in the way of the efficient administration of the Act. The profession has now before it the task of reforming the B.M.A., which has broken its unity, and lavished thousands of pounds in a useless and ill-directed agitation, which collapsed at the first hour of pressure. Probably the next representative meeting will absolve doctors from their pledge, and save the situation.

ON Thursday, Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the Advisory Committee, reviewed the whole position, and outlined the immediate plans of the Government and the Insurance authorities. He declared that nearly 10,000 doctors had taken service, and that seven-eighths of the insured were sure of treatment on January 15th. He suggested three ways of dealing with incomplete panels. Either the local medical men on the panels will be encouraged to take in partners or assistants, who must be fully qualified practitioners, or doctors may be imported from other districts, or a salaried service will be set up, allowing for private practice among the dependents of the insured, with starting salaries of from £500 to £700 a year, and a staff of consultants and nurses. It seems that the free choice of doctor is generally to be limited to men on the panel, though exceptions may be admitted by the Insurance Committees and the Commissioners.

MEANWHILE, the doctors are busy insuring themselves. An insurance scheme for doctors on the panels has been set up, in which it is proposed that 6d. a year for each insured person shall be put aside as a fund to provide a scheme of insurance and pension. For 12,000,000 persons this means £300,000 per year. This is enough to give stability to a fund if managed by the doctors themselves; and, if insurance companies take it in hand they ought to be able to offer very attractive terms, especially if many doctors contribute.

WE regret to have to record the sudden death, on Monday, of the German Foreign Minister. A picturesque personality, he was far from being either so popular or so considerable a statesman as the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, like the present Chancellor, came of a banking family, but acquired none the less all the externals of a Prussian Junker. It was his foible to imitate Bismarck in his mingled rudeness and geniality. The beer-mug, the pipe, and the dog were with him symbols of his political origin. He owed his advancement to the personal liking which first Bismarck and then the Kaiser conceived for him.

* * *

He was, indeed, at one time a leading member of the Eulenburg clique, and his critics refused to regard him as anything more than a Court favorite. A difference with the Kaiser over the Cowes Regatta incident, and then a duel over a comic cartoon, interrupted his career for a time. As Minister in Bucharest from 1900 to 1908 he returned to serious work, but his first essay in meeting the Reichstag, when he was recalled to take charge of the Foreign Office, was a dismal failure. In July, 1910, he became Foreign Secretary, and the German obituary press notices are almost unanimous in regarding his conduct of the Moroccan crisis as a failure. But it is fair to point out that he maintained good relations all the while with M. Cambon, and that his conduct during the Balkan crisis powerfully contributed to preserve the peace of Europe.

* * *

ONE of the most astonishing trials of our generation ended this week at Indianapolis in the conviction of thirty-three leaders of the Ironworkers' Trade Union for their share in organising dynamite outrages. The sentences ranged from seven to one year's imprisonment, and cannot be thought unduly severe. The jury consisted of farmers, whose impartiality in this industrial quarrel might be trusted, and the evidence included the confessions of two of the most guilty leaders. The outrages are said to have included a series of no fewer than 105 explosions, spread over a period of six years. The general plan of campaign aimed at intimidating the National Erectors' Association, which maintained its right to supply non-union labor. The worst of these crimes was the explosion which killed twenty-one men at the office of the "Los Angeles Times." The leaders of the trade-union movement were, unluckily, too slow in crediting the evidence, and their refusal to disavow the Ironworkers may, to some extent, react upon the whole fortunes of organised labor in the States.

* * *

BOTH Spain and Portugal are passing through political crises of some difficulty. In Portugal, Dr. Leite, the universally respected Premier, has failed to hold together the Republican Cabinet, chiefly owing to the determination of its advanced wing to insist on reprisals, and to refuse any amnesty to Clericals and Royalists. After resigning office, he has been persuaded to resume it, in order to allow the country to decide the issue in a big crop of by-elections. In Spain, the King's handling of the necessary reconstruction of the Liberal Cabinet, under Count Romanones, has been sharply criticised by the Conservatives, who seem to have thought that the death of the late Premier gave them a claim to power. The King's conduct seems, to an English mind, entirely constitutional, for the Liberal majority in the Cortes remains intact. Senor Maura, the Conservative leader, has, however, resigned his seat and retired from public life, and his example has been followed by sixty Conservative deputies. It would be hard to find a parallel for this unreasonable demonstration.

ON Wednesday, between 5,000 and 6,000 London taxi drivers came out on strike owing to the rise in the price of petrol from 8d. to 1s. 1d. a gallon. Probably most people have regarded taxi drivers as a particularly fortunate class, but such figures as are produced show a very small profit—much below a living wage. The drivers declare that if they have to pay for petrol according to the arrangement of last March, and the price is raised by 5d. a gallon, they will not be able to exist. On the other hand, the taxi companies refuse to modify the existing agreement, pleading, apparently with justice, that they are in a bad way, many paying no dividends, and many being wound up. It seems that one of two things must happen: either fares must be raised—a public misfortune; or the price of petrol must come down again, and, considering the vast profits of the oil companies, that seems the more equitable way out.

* * *

THE safe return of the P. and O. steamer "Narrung" last Saturday adds another record to the heroic tale of British seamanship. She was bound for Australia, with 248 passengers, chiefly emigrants, on board, and leaving London on Christmas Eve, met the great gale full in her teeth down Channel. Off Ushant on Thursday she was overwhelmed by one terrific sea, which wrecked all the fore-part of the ship above decks, burst open the saloons, and flooded the cabins. Seeing that a second such wave would sink her, Captain Bidwell sent out the wireless S.O.S. signal, and having obtained three answers attempted the dangerous operation of turning round under the full force of the storm. This took one hour and twenty minutes, and the passengers owed their safety entirely to the consummate skill with which it was accomplished.

* * *

THE New Year's Honors List is judicious and in proper measure, which is more than can be said of some of its predecessors. There are two peers—one Sir George Kemp, the Liberal-Conservative, now out of politics, and Sir George Clarke, whose record as a brilliant man of affairs was not quite sustained by his Governorship of Bombay. Of the four Privy Councillors, two—Lord Desart and Sir John Simon—are intellectuals of a high stamp, and two of the seven baronets—Mr. Jackson, the artist, and Sir Percy Scott, the Admiral—can be called distinguished. The eighteen knights include Mr. Francis Darwin, Darwin's third son, and Mr. Liberty, the head of the famous firm in Regent Street, who has done much for the refinement of modern dress.

* * *

WE regret that the Home Secretary has curtly refused the petition of John Williams to be allowed to marry the mother of his child before his execution. John Williams is lying under sentence of death for the murder of Police-inspector Walls at Eastbourne, and we do not wish to enter here into the question of his condemnation. But before the birth of their child last Sunday, both he and Florence Seymour, the mother, petitioned that they might be allowed to marry for the sake of the infant. We can see no reason for Mr. McKenna's harsh refusal. It might possibly be said that it would be better for a child to have no legal father at all than to have one who was hanged, but that was not the opinion of the two people most nearly concerned, nor do we believe it would be the opinion of most sensible men and women. Apart from that, the rejection of the petition seems to us a needless addition to the suffering of the man under sentence, and of the woman besides.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SAD END OF "YES—NO."

WE wonder that it has not occurred to some able and high-minded Tory leader to ask his party, which has now lived on tactics and nothing but tactics for a decade, to try a little principle for a change. To such a man, almost any sacrifice must seem worth the making which promised to rescue it from its present be-drabblement of mind and soul. For what is the spectacle which Toryism presents, not to an Olympian observer of the frailties of man, but to the average critic of his ways? It wants to win the next election. That, says the "Daily Telegraph," is its single aim, its "must," its life and being. The mere idea of a "fourth term" for Mr. Lloyd George would suffocate it. And how does it propose to gain over the country, and govern it again? No longer, be it remarked, on an even superficially agreed policy or article of faith. No longer by any prepared and concerted approach to such a policy. No longer by any definite conception of the economic needs of the people of this country or the relationship of these problems to the Colonial Empire. All that is gone by the board. Half the Tory Press, which claims a majority of two-thirds in the Party—the "Mail," the "Times," the "Yorkshire Post," the "Daily Graphic," the "Liverpool Courier," the "Irish Times," and indeed the entire Irish Unionist Press—declare for the dropping of the "first constructive" plank of the Tory platform. The other half, led by the "Pall Mall," the "Morning Post," the "Birmingham Post," the "Express," insist on retaining it. Its leader, with an agonised eye on the tipping scales, leans now to this side, and now to that, only to find himself always on a steeply tilted angle, pointed straight to disaster. "He has spoken badly," say his critics, "therefore he must speak again." What must he speak? "There must be a shield imposed between the food taxes and the British peoples, and that shield must be their definitely declared will," says one party. "There shall be no such shield," says the other. "The shield shall be in the hands of the Colonies, to raise or throw down at their will," says Mr. Law. "No," says the "Birmingham Post," "it shall be in their hands, but somehow, we will still order our own taxation, or speak as if we ordered it. Food taxes, in any case, there shall be, but no Referendum, for they will never slip through that sieve." "No, that is absurd," say the free fooders; "the Referendum or the second election must be restored, but, if you please, Preference shall be kept alive, and Mr. Chamberlain's axiom that without food taxes there can be no Preference is hereby annulled." "But food taxes are the basic fact of Preference, as you well know," retort the two "Posts" of London and of Birmingham. "Very well, then, take Protection for the home manufacturer. Does Mr. Law say that he will have no such taxes? He can unsay it." "Haul down your flag!" "No, keep it flying." "No, fly it half-mast, and say that it is up or down, according to the taste and fancy of your company!"

Such are the counsellors. To what effect is the counsel? It is to turn the Tory Party out again naked to the desert, in search of an idea. Mr. Law's personal failure is, of course, complete. He

lacks Mr. Balfour's gift of sailing through the channel of No Meaning without once striking on a rock of fact, or being sucked into a really engulfing verbal dilemma. But he has smashed up his frail bark on the root contradiction in the Chamberlainite scheme of Protection. This is the real moral of the Unionist distraction. Protection is not in itself an idealist policy, and the moment the appetites it awakened were appealed to, its supposed worth as a bond of Empire, cemented by sacrifice, disappeared. Mr. Chamberlain's plan was not exactly a conscious deception of the country. It was the be-muddlement of a rash intellect, the device of a man in a hurry to escape from avenging time and uncalculated error. With one hand it offered an unrealisable ideal, the price of a sacrifice the Colonies had no right to ask, and a British statesman who loved his country, and knew the depths of its worst poverty, no right to tender; with the other it waved on all the cupidities that a tariff sets on foot. Nothing was made clear, for clearness was not in the design, and must, indeed, have exposed its vital inconsistency. If it was to be a sacrifice to Imperial unity, the Unionist leaders were bound to contend that no man—not the poorest—had a right to grumble at the rise in his bread bills. But the Unionist Party never dared to face this monstrous proposition. They could not take the fence; they could only try and go round it with the evasion that cheap food and a Colonial monopoly could both be secured; and the moment a plain intellect in a leader faced it or tried to scramble through it, half his party dropped away from him. The real running, therefore, was made in the opposite direction of securing British trade profits against the importer. Finally, the whole conception of policy melted away before the raging impatience of the party for power. One defeat in Lancashire turned it. Enraged and panic-stricken, Toryism saw itself out at a fourth election, and two-thirds of the Party bolted at the prospect. It has now to run the risk of losing its active campaigners and enthusiasts, as well as the drive of its "business" men, and it will only not lose its leader because no living man need now envy Mr. Law, or can find a way out of the maze. For Referendum or for no Referendum, for food taxes or no taxes, for one election or two, for one Conference or two, or none; for and against all these plans, for and against the scheme of trade and taxation for which they severally stand—there are now definitely ranged and hotly embittered sections of Tory opinion.

Thus ends, or begins to end, Mr. Balfour's great experiment of refusing to say "Yes" or "No" to an important question of public conduct. The adept himself failed at it, and though he trained a great many people to say "Yes—No," it is refreshing to find a larger body who discern that a mental space separates the negative from the positive pole of thought. This is more than an intellectual discovery; it is a moral gain, though we imagine that some who have attained it had anything but a moral end in view, and it is a final stroke of irony to have secured it through the agency of Lord Northcliffe. British Conservatism may, indeed, perish temporarily of the effort it has made to discover what it believed in. If it really discards Protection, instead

of merely shelving it till the trade boom subsides, it abandons its nearest approach to a definite political conception, and its very second-rate leaders must fall back on the slightly ridiculous presentment of themselves as Saviors of their country. But if it resumes Tariff Reform, the Nemesis of its own class-selfishness awaits it. Protection is a creed for a nation of small holders, not of wage-laborers depending on cheap imports. Before the Tory Party can successfully appeal to the people in the name of Conservatism and Protection, it must give them something to protect and conserve.

CHANGES IN THE TEAM.

It is a Europe with a very different outlook which will emerge after the final liquidation of all the problems of the Balkan war. Almost the last of conceivable territorial changes will have taken place on our own continent, and this reposeful condition will have been reached within a year of what appears to be the final settlement of Mediterranean and North African questions. The lines of national interest and inclination are, in the main, too clear to be greatly affected, even during the anxious period of liquidation, by mere changes of personality. Were it not that diplomacy is to-day so evidently a more public, a less personal, thing than it ever was before, the two considerable changes in the European team, of which one has happened and the other is almost due, might have created a certain anxiety. Germany has lost a Foreign Minister, whose influence had recently contributed very powerfully to preserve the world's peace during a peculiarly anxious crisis, and France seems likely to lose as her Premier and Foreign Minister the dignified and popular personality whom she will gain as President.

A French Presidential election is always a thing of chances and uncertainties, and perhaps the world outside Paris assumes rather too hastily that M. Poincaré, because he seems to foreign eyes by far the most eligible of the many candidates, will necessarily be elected. If he does succeed, his success will make a rather brusque departure from recent traditions. He has, in the first place, broken every convention by announcing his candidature, and this salutary example has been followed by M. Ribot. The significance of this move is primarily that it implies an appeal to public opinion. The little groups of the Chamber and the Senate are free, if they choose, to follow the usual practice, and by bargainings and transactions to select some relatively obscure but unimpeachably respectable candidate, whose name will mean even to the inner circles of the political world little more than a certain tendency in social and official patronage. Hitherto it has been the Deputies and Senators, solemnly assembled at Versailles, who have made the real choice. The country has not intervened, and the country has not even informally been consulted. But for the next fortnight in every newspaper and in every club M. Poincaré and M. Ribot will be discussed as in a sense the national candidates, and there is a chance that a certain atmosphere of expectation and preference may be created to which the cliques and the groups in the Assembly will reluctantly bow. M. Poincaré is still

a man in the prime of life. He is a Moderate in opinion who has had the good fortune to lead an advanced coalition, and to avoid the while any such clash and conflict with the Socialists and the working class as nominally advanced Premiers like M. Clemenceau and M. Briand contrived to provoke. He has the gift of graceful and eloquent speech, and his intellectual distinction has procured for him a seat in the Academy. His Premiership has been marked, not merely by the great achievement of piloting the Proportional Representation Bill through a faction-ridden Chamber, but also by a great and deserved increase in the consideration which France enjoys abroad. M. Ribot is intellectually the more considerable figure of the two, and his brave fight for tolerance and fair-play during the anti-clerical struggle earned him respect if not popularity. But he is seventy years of age and his record as a practical politician was never one of conspicuous success. He has, moreover, no post to vacate for which the heirs might scramble. Of the other names which are mentioned, M. Clemenceau and M. Combes excite a hostility far too violent for such a post. M. Deschanel, though certainly distinguished, is distrusted by the Left. M. Dubost and M. Pams are nonentities who can triumph only by a party vote.

The tradition which has led the French to prefer an undistinguished President is historically intelligible. Marshal Macmahon nearly upset the Republic, and M. Thiers somewhat overstepped his functions. Their successors, with the exception of M. Casimir-Périer, who was over-sensitive and weak, and M. Félix Faure, whose vanity and vulgarity made him at once popular and ridiculous, have filled their posts with credit to themselves and to France. If they did little good, they certainly did no harm. While the Republic was still an untried institution, the prudence which preferred a sensible mediocrity to a man of distinction and will, was probably good policy. Caesarism was a real danger, and until the final collapse of the reaction with the Dreyfus case and the disestablishment of the Church, it was never quite easy to regard the Republic as an institution beyond all risk of intrigue. But this nervousness is ancient history now. The Republic is to-day probably more stable than any other institution in Europe, with the single exception of our own monarchy. It is legitimate now to remember the part which an able President might play. He can influence the too frequent changes of ministry. He can indirectly play some part in the rather disconcerting conflicts between an obstructive Senate and a working Chamber. But, above all, his relations with a fluctuating Ministry and with the heads of other States enable him to play a considerable rôle in the foreign affairs of France. It is here that the selection of M. Poincaré would have a great significance. If he aspires to a post which few distinguished men have lately coveted, it is probably because he desires to prolong for seven years the activity which has already enabled him to increase the weight of France in the councils of Europe.

It is certainly a picturesque personality which has disappeared with the sudden death of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. He was not a man of any originality or of notable intellectual eminence. He won his way by social

gifts, which enabled him to gain the liking, first, of Bismarck, and then of the Kaiser. He imitated his first patron with a naïve external homage, and he successfully flattered the second. It is odd that this genial, hard-living man of the world, whose affected brusqueness and roughness was at least consciously German, was never popular either with the general public or with the press. One may accord a sort of humorous admiration to the genial brutality of a man who made an Empire. But the acquisition of a strip of Congo marshes was hardly achievement enough to make it tolerable. We are afraid that the late Minister will go down to posterity chiefly as the author of the "Panther's" leap to Agadir. Herr Kiderlen-Waechter lived long enough to redeem that error. Had he really been the firebrand that he seemed to be at the opening of the Moroccan crisis, it is improbable that the Balkan crisis could have ended without involving the European Powers. He lived long enough to place Anglo-German relations on an incomparably surer basis of cordiality and confidence than they have known for a decade, and the relief which has followed this happy achievement is so welcome and so universal that his successor must be tempted to satisfy his ambitions by reaping a harvest from the same fruitful seed.

THE VIOLENCE OF AMERICAN TRADE UNIONS

THE disclosures brought out in the trial that ended at Indianapolis last Saturday are chiefly of importance in so far as they are likely to help in modernising, and also in humanising, American thought on the general problem of labor. It has been proved that some trade union officials made it part of their policy to dynamite the works and buildings of "open-shop" contractors, and the offices and homes of known opponents of trade-union principles. Thirty-eight of them have been convicted and sentenced, and there can be no doubt that, after making every allowance for panic and prejudice, a vile and formidable conspiracy has been unearthed and broken up. The seat of the trouble has been in the Iron Workers' Association, the trade union of the men engaged in the erection of bridges and sky-scrapers. These men are the Ishmaelites among mechanics—roving, restless, and reckless. They live in bunk-cars and shanties by the side of the rivers across which they throw bridges. From city to city they drift, homeless wanderers, without kith or kin, rough men who risk their lives every day they go to work. It was no small feat to organise them into a union of any kind; and it was inevitable that, once organised, and given their own character, and the character of the National Erectors' Association—the employers' body, and bitterly hostile to trade unions—their career should be turbulent. The history of the organisation since its foundation in 1896 is an epitome of the history of most labor troubles in the United States. Wherever the local unions prospered, there the employers concentrated their attacks, maintained spies in the ranks and among the leaders, offered wages beyond the union scale to entice members away from the organisation, and developed a microscopic system of blacklisting. Such violence as occurred during

strikes was at first directed in the main against the "scabs" and blacklegs. Individual union workers would assault the men who refused to join in with them. Out of this grew the systematic persecution of strike-breakers by a special "entertainment committee." The next stage was to concentrate attention on the destruction of the employers' property. Contractors who had all but completed a bridge by non-union labor would find it one morning reduced to scrap iron by dynamite. Operating, as a rule, on borrowed capital, they found it prudent, before undertaking any further job, to come to terms with the union. Dynamite, it appeared, paid. Explosions multiplied by the score; the union grew, until some seventy-five per cent. of the men engaged in the erection of steel structures belonged to it, and its example spread to other unions that proceeded to borrow the iron-workers' dynamiters for use in their own disputes.

The leaders of the Iron-workers' Union forgot, of course, that violence, so far as it is effective at all, is effective only for the moment; that one crime breeds another, and a greater one; and that the ultimate load of guilt crushes the organisation in whose interests the crimes have been committed. The rise and fall of the Western Federation of Miners should have served them as a warning. But American industrialism has not yet grasped the final futility of brute force. The first and most natural step taken by an employer who is threatened with a strike is to build a stockade round his works, to lay in a supply of cots, rifles, and food, and to import a gang of professional strike-breakers. He expects war, prepares for it, and gets it. The unions, even if they are not the first to issue the challenge, are by no means behindhand in replying to it. There are, no doubt, some strikes which cannot be won by peaceful methods. It would be difficult, for instance, to imagine the employees of a street-car company succeeding in a strike if they refrained from molesting the "scabs" and from interfering with the running of the cars. No strike among the draymen and teamsters in any large American city has yet been carried to a prosperous issue without violence. But the widespread and almost instantaneous recourse of American strikers to rioting, bloodshed, arson, the destruction of property, and the rifle, cannot be explained on any ground of tactical necessity. It is a madness that is in the air. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the most peaceful and conservative unions are also, in the long run, the strongest and the most influential. There are many such unions, even in America. The printers, the cigar-makers, and the railwaymen have all learned the wisdom of curbing the hotheads in their ranks; and the miners are beginning to learn it, too. But, in general, the United States is still the land where a strike is most likely to develop into a species of civil war, and where both Capital and Labor are the readiest to rely on sheer terrorism.

To what is this disquieting phenomenon due? At bottom, we believe, to the parody of a social conscience possessed by the average American employer, and displayed, perhaps, at its worst when the unit of employment is a gigantic Trust. A certain carelessness of human life is inherent in the American atmosphere; but even the American is not naturally a maiming and dynamiting

animal. What is it, then, that has brought the ordinary trade unionist to a state of mind where the murder or crippling of a blackleg seems a legitimate act of self-defence, and where the use of dynamite as an instrument of industrial persuasion is tacitly condoned? We must look for some answer at least in the capitalist newspapers that openly war against trade unionism, and dispute its fundamental principles. We must look for it in the associations of employers that take their stand on the "open shop," and work unceasingly for the suppression of the unions. We must look for it in the backwardness of sane social and industrial legislation all over the country, in the illicit influence that Capital exercises over politics and the judiciary, in the pedantic formalism of the Courts, in the popular sentiment that rallies unthinkingly to the defence of "property" and "order," with little or no regard for human rights. Organised labor in the United States—immigrant labor, especially—feels itself victimised by the Courts, exploited by the Trusts, and placed under a ban of legal condemnation by public opinion and the legislatures. Labor in England in the early days of trade unionism had very much the same sort of feeling. Thrust outside the law, it inevitably became lawless; and Americans would do well to digest the moral of the Sheffield and Manchester outrages of the 'sixties. English trade unionists, fifty years ago, with public opinion dead against them, with a combination among workmen to bring about a strike treated as a penal conspiracy, and with every economist preaching at them the folly and criminality of strikes, persuaded themselves that physical force was the only remedy left to them. They used it for a time as brutally as it has ever been used in the United States; they shocked and terrified the country into a thorough consideration of their case. In the same way, the excesses of present-day trade unions in America can only be cured by a calm and enlightened opinion operating upon employers and legislators for the removal of the very real and great abuses against which Labor is in violent revolt.

THE OUTLOOK FOR TRADE.

ALMOST every leading newspaper in the Provinces closes the year with a good survey of local trade conditions, and it is therefore possible, in the first week in January, to tap the commercial barometer, and to draw up a commercial weather report with some precision and confidence. The budgets we have consulted confirm the recent "boom" articles of the "Daily Mail," which are supposed to have been prompted by a desire to discredit the Tariff Reform League. There is, as far as we can see, no important exception to the general rule of prosperity in any British industry, whether dependent on the home or the foreign market. Let us take one or two examples. In the wool trade and the cotton trade, the two great staples of Yorkshire and Lancashire, experts have marked something like a record activity during the last few months. The woollen and worsted trades, indeed, have been active for several years past, and there can be no striking improvement now, because things cannot be much better than they were before. An indication,

however, of abnormally good trade may be seen in the shortage of skilled labor which is reported in many parts of the West Riding. We have heard of a mill which has been advertising for six months for more hands, and we have heard also of textile or spinning mills started near Doncaster in order to tap the fresh supply of labor which has emigrated into the new coalfields. In Lancashire, thanks to the continued plentiful supply of raw materials, and to the great demand resulting from the unusual prosperity of India, all branches of the cotton trade are booming merrily. The Lancashire weaving mills have probably had the best year on record. The prosperity of the staple textile trades has given a stimulus to many subsidiary but very important branches, such as textile machinery, calico printing, dyeing, and bleaching, to say nothing of the spinners of cotton and worsted yarns. The hosiery trade in Leicester and other important centres has undoubtedly had one of the best years it has ever known, with machinery fully employed, and an exceptionally heavy output. Apparently the lace trade of Nottingham has been comparatively quiet.

The home demand for clothing reflects the fairly general, though quite inadequate, well-being of the working classes and the low level of pauperism and unemployment. For some months past the difficulty has been in most trades, not to find work, but to find workers. In almost every industry the skilled mechanic or operative can command good wages. The most obvious danger, so far as the home trade is concerned, is the high price of some raw materials, more especially wool, leather, and certain metals, such as tin. On the other hand, as compared with a year ago, grain and many other food-stuffs have fallen in price. Sugar, an important food and raw material, is a good deal lower, thanks to heavy beet crops following on the failure of last year. Such a conjunction of cheap food and high prices for manufactures is singularly favorable to British commerce. It is hardly necessary to speak of the extraordinary boom in the shipping and shipbuilding trades, of which Great Britain reaps fully half the profits earned by the whole world. The engineering and machinery trades are almost equally busy, and the difficulty with many great firms is to execute the orders that have been pouring in. The coal strike in the spring, and the wet weather at harvest, inflicted considerable losses; but these were not enough to prevent us from regarding the year as one of unparalleled success for British industries. On the assumption that the December figures are no better than those for December of last year, our imports for 1912 will be 735 millions, against 680 in 1911, and our exports 595 millions, against 556 in the preceding year. In 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain started the theory of ruined industries, and propounded the remedy of Protection, our imports were valued at 542 millions, and our exports at 360 millions sterling.

What is the prospect? Under modern conditions of manufacture, especially during a trade boom, employers are accustomed to pledge themselves to execute orders weeks or months ahead, so that, barring the possibility of a catastrophe, such as a great war, or a coal strike, or a railway dispute, the existence of a

genuine boom means that trade is almost certain to remain good for some considerable time. But let us see what can be said, on the one hand, for the continuance and even expansion of our manufacturing and commercial activity; and, on the other, for a slackening. First, we must always consider the Money Market and the state of speculation. Many causes have contributed to the scarcity of money, both for long and for short periods. The fall in gilt-edged securities and the rise in the rate of interest may be ascribed partly to the enormous waste during the last twelve years on war and armaments, partly to the tremendous demands for capital to be employed in developing new countries, like Canada and the Argentine and Brazil. The Italian and Balkan Wars have, so far, been financed largely by Treasury bills, and this has increased the difficulties of the Money Market, so that we may consider ourselves lucky at having escaped with a five per cent. rate. There is no prospect of cheap money for a long time to come. But if peace and security can be established in South-eastern Europe, we may hope that rates will not be high enough to arrest the upward movement of trade.

A London Diary.

WHAT of an early election? There is much (and natural) speculation in it, but I think considered Liberal opinion is hostile.

MR. BONAR LAW has many good qualities; but I don't see him as the leader of an angry and doubtful Tory Party. They wanted him for the drudgery of Opposition, with its hard, nagging temper, and so long as he whetted the fury of the upper classes over their seven years' exile, and gave them glimpses of the Promised Land, they were very well content. But now there are thick clouds on Pisgah. A Provincial-colonial is in any case an acquired taste for Tories, and Mr. Law's kind of refinement, his bookishness and contemplative shyness, is not theirs. He is no hustler, and, on the other hand, there is more of the father's sharpness and hardness in the grown-up Austen than in the amiable youth who wore his early Chancellorship with so much diffidence. And he has a better, because a longer, political head than his successful rival carries. It does not matter what Mr. Law does now. Whether he unsays Ashton, or says it over again, or half-unsays it, he is bound to stumble among the tombstones of his dead policy. Each trip will be pitilessly scored against him, and to the credit of his shrewd and unsentimental rival, who, if food taxes were out of the way, would certainly soon be leading the party in the Commons.

I FIND Unionists turning for comfort in their present troubles to a supposed parallel in the not very distant experience of Liberalism, and apparently hoping that the vicissitudes of Mr. Bonar Law's leadership will end, as "C.-B.'s" difficulties did, in a sweeping vindication. But where is the parallel? Perhaps it has been suggested by certain outward manifestations, notably in the new personal groupings of the

front Opposition bench, the conferences, formal and informal, which go on from day to day between those rival groups, and, above all, in a general tendency on the part of his colleagues to leave Mr. Law to himself—in short, in the usual stock signs of a divided party mind. Otherwise, it is singularly incomplete. Long before "C.-B." crossed the floor to the Treasury bench he had seen the Government of the day rent in twain, the back Ministerial benches strewn with such flotsam and jetsam of the wreckage as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Ritchie, and his own benches enriched with a precious salvage of the more enlightened minds of democratic Toryism. Where in Mr. Bonar Law's horoscope is there to be found any parallel to those strangely forgotten portents?

LIKE all political troubles, the great Protectionist wrangle breeds quite a host of private tiffs. The Cecils are not very popular in the House, and so, I suppose, the gossips take special pleasure in telling of the attempts to lower their crest. In Lord Hugh's case the adventure has assumed the trivial form of a contest for a certain corner seat consecrated by its associations with the Fourth Party. A few days ago a burly Tariff Reformer cornered this corner, and caused equal amusement to the House, and despair and scandal to Lord Hugh, by dropping off into a cataleptic slumber when touched on the shoulder. The trance was obdurately maintained throughout a whirlwind oration delivered from his side (and doubtless for his benefit) by the enraged orator.

ONE hears through this and that correspondent diverse echoes of inquiry about the new land programme. The main anxieties are, I think, two. The first is lest the platform should be built up, like Tariff Reform, by the brain of a single statesman, rather than worked out as the general thought and plan of the party. The second is lest the scheme of land taxation may be too extreme. On both points it will, I think, be found that they have been in the mind of the Chancellor from the beginning. He is very well aware that the atmosphere and feeling for reform are inseparable and indispensable elements of a constructive scheme. Nor in the nature of things can taxation present itself as its supreme or its dominant feature. What will and ought to astonish the country will, I fancy, be the revelation of the housing of the British laborer. The famine of houses in rural Britain has amazed everyone who has touched the problem; and not least those who, though they know it in outline, or in this or that locality, have realised for the first time how universal and how appalling is the dearth. Here it is a business of awakening the national conscience, and I know only one living man of affairs cut out for that particular kind of spade work.

THE fountain of honor now flows on New Year's Day. In the last reign the great day was the King's birthday, in November. It is a popular delusion that the recipients of the dignities only learn the glad news for the first time when they see their names in the newspaper. As a matter of fact (and of precaution) they

are "approached" and "sounded" some time before-hand. It was during the period preceding the issue of an honors list that Mark Twain was introduced to a Prime Minister's Private Secretary. "You needn't be afraid of me, my dear sir," exclaimed the humorist; "I have no axe to fry."

MANY people desire honors; some people ask for them. But it is a consolation to know that a few refuse them. One notable instance was the late Mr. Norman Shaw, whose refusal of a baronetcy was only recently made public after his death. As his letter showed, it was no extreme views or aggressive hatred of rank that made him decline, but modesty, simplicity, and good sense—only that.

It is infinitely more difficult, I am told, to be made a C.B. than a knight, a baronet, or even a peer. The number in each class of the Order of the Bath is very rigidly limited. The limit to the number of the others is only regulated by decency. And here let me record with pleasure a strongly growing opinion that no sitting member of the House of Commons should receive any honor except the rank of Privy Councillor.

THE list itself is not one in which anybody need be ashamed to appear. It has quite a respectable air, is not aggressively partisan, and not too copious. There is no appointment to shock the King, and the intellectual quality of the Privy Council, grievously lowered of late, is raised again by the elevation to it of Lord Desart and Sir John Simon. There is something for science in the person of Mr. Darwin, something for inventiveness and good taste in industry in Mr. Liberty—both stout Unionists. I see that Sir Edward Grey well remembers a very adroit, astute piece of service from his private secretary, Mr. Tyrrell.

I FAIL to find in "Hansard" the most instructive passage in a recent debate in the House of Lords, in which a noble orator ludicrously misquoted and misapplied a Wordsworthian passage—of course, not detected at the time. "It is from Wordsworth's 'Prelude,'" explained the literary nobleman, in reciting the lines. "His prelude to what?" asked another nobleman across the floor. "Oh, to one of his works, I suppose," replied the orator, passing imperturbably to his misquotation, amid a satisfied hum of applause.

I HEAR Mr. Sidney Low's name mentioned as Mr. Monypenny's successor in the conclusion of the life of Disraeli. Could one suggest a better? I think not. Mr. Low has just the skill, sureness, quietude and breadth of judgment for the work. And there would, of course, be a special vein of sympathy and understanding in Mr. Low's approach to Disraeli's race and character.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me two addenda to the classical "howlers" in my last diary:—

Spicea Virga.—A spicy virgin.

Cum grano salis.—Why, having corns, do you dance?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

RUSSIA WITHOUT TEARS.

A BOOK which used to make an oasis in the life of school-boys learning French bears the whimsical title of "Voyage Round my Room." It was really astonishing to the unsophisticated mind of youth how much that was exotic and remote the compulsorily domesticated M. de Maistre contrived to discover in his chamber. There were windows in every panel, and doors in all the walls, and the voyage carried the sedentary traveller over the hills and far away while he sat in his arm-chair. It is the inverse process which the traveller often performs who writes of distant countries. The further he is abroad, the more he is at home, and his pages, full of disquisitions on Turks or Chinese, are only revelations of the British mind. Something of this domestic travelling there is even in the classical book on "Russia," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace (Cassell), of which a new edition, with additional chapters, has just been published. It is a book which everyone who pretends to care about Russia, not merely knows, but knows well. The anecdotes, the little sketches of life in remote rural places in the vanished old-world Russia of twenty years ago, the sparse, dry Caledonian jokes, and, above all, the thrilling pages in which this most correct of authors, the *habitué* of Embassies, the friend and tutor of princes, recounts how a Nihilist took to frequenting his rooms and nothing untoward or improper happened—they have amused and instructed one generation, and they will amuse and instruct another. There is no book so good by any Englishman on Russia, and none at all that ranks above it, unless it be the brilliant but much slighter volume of lectures to an American audience which came from Professor Miliukoff's pen before the revolutionary period was well completed. But, with all its capacity, its sagacity, and, one must add, its honesty and fairness, it also is a voyage round a room. We are not quite sure where and what that room may be. The inventory includes a really ambassadorial arm-chair, an almost editorial desk, and the footstool which is part of the indispensable furniture of a prince's ante-room. But the chamber itself has Aberdonian features, and from the windows we catch a vista of granite streets and Marischal College. When it is of the wild emotional course of the Russian revolution that the author writes, its extravagant heroism, its youthful cruelty, its cloudy hopes and moody pessimism, we are studying the psychology not so much of the Russian as of the Scot. The opulent human pageant unrolls itself before us. The colors dimly limned with faint verbal pigments are true to scheme, and through their Scotch mist resemble Nature. But we are more aware of the dry, pragmatic commentary, which far more vividly depicts for us how this sober, worldly, yet conscientiously understanding Scot was affected by the Slavonic phantasmagoria.

We are not at all sure that the internal history of Russia will ever make a great and splendid page of history. There is no race of the European family so emotionally gifted; it will pour forth its masterpieces in literature and music, however mediocre may be its achievements in the world of action. But the moral of the revolution which failed, was simply, one fears, that the Russian character is essentially introspective and emotional; it lacks the hardness and simplicity which makes a successful or even a competent revolution. The Young Turks or the Portuguese are intellectually and morally pigmies beside these men, who gave their ardent, gifted, generous personalities to be consumed in that slow fire which smoulders to-day among the ashes of a dead hope. But, because Young Turks and Portuguese aimed at a transformation so immeasurably smaller than that to which the Russian Revolution aspired, it was they who succeeded in their restricted aim, while the Russians failed. The literary form which should depict this struggle is not the formal history. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's adroit admixture of the history and the sketch is much nearer success. But the real form for

this tale is certainly the novel. One period stands immortalised in Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil." The sequel awaits the native genius who will interpret it with the same delicate sympathy, illuminated by irony. Anton Tchekoff is probably its best and most despairing modern analyst.

The philosophy of "Russia" is ultra-simple, and, fortunately, it needs no development at length. It is the philosophy which any canny Scot might evolve in his Aberdonian chamber, without once changing his slippers for his boots. We took several centuries to make our revolution, therefore, the Russians are going much too fast. The men of the first Duma ought to have aimed at a period of, say, ten years, instead of attempting to complete their conquest of power in a single session. It is a natural reflection. But, unluckily for this philosophy of history, ours was not the only successful revolution. They did these things, if not better, at least faster, in France. It would be, to our minds, a sounder criticism, at least, of the Russian Liberals, not so much that they attempted to go too fast, as that they unduly deployed their front. Their central aim, when the first Duma met, was, and ought to have been, to enlarge its functions and consolidate its power. It had only a limited hold over the purse, and a very imperfect authority in legislation, while over the executive its control, if it had any, was only that of free and public criticism. The Liberals aimed boldly at achieving full, responsible Parliamentary Government. It was a large end to secure at once, but one may doubt whether any lesser object, worth the striving for, could have been reached more easily. The bureaucracy had to be mastered, and the combat was necessarily mortal. The Liberals failed for two reasons. In the first place (and the author of "Russia" is careful not to mention it) the weapon of finance had been struck from the hands of the Duma by the action of the French and British bankers who filled the war-chest of the Autocracy with a hundred million loan in the interests of the Triple Entente and the Balance of Power, just one month before the Duma met. Had they but stipulated for its assent to the loan, the whole constitutional battle would have been won. In the second place, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace is probably right in censuring the tactics of the Liberals, who insisted on raising the whole agrarian issue before the Constitution had been won. They aimed at rousing the peasants, and they wished to buy the support of the Extreme Left. But, in so doing, they set the whole possessing class in Russia against themselves, and the possessing class happened to include the officers of the army. The Whigs of the English Revolution and the Young Turks knew better than to complicate their political issues with a class struggle.

It is much harder to follow Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace in his comfortable optimism about the subsequent development of Russian liberty. His chronicle has rather serious gaps. We remember a cheerful manual of the nursery, entitled "Reading without Tears." This is "Russia without Tears." A single sentence will serve him to describe the long agony of a period of repression, with its prison tortures and its field courts-martial. A line of print dismisses the campaign that drenched the Baltic Provinces with blood. Not even a footnote explains the ingenious filter by which Russian opinion since the *coup d'état* is strained and attenuated through a system of gerrymandered class representation before a Duma can be elected. Incidentally, we may remark, in assuming the guilt of the Socialist members of the Second Duma, who are still expiating a crime of opinion in typhus-haunted prisons, he ignores the statement afterwards made by the Liberal Deputy, Teslenko, who reported for the Commission of the Duma which refused to assent to their arrest. The only conspiracy which the facts proved was a conspiracy not of the Socialists but of the secret police. But these are side issues. There was chosen at last a Duma, which, in contrast to its predecessors, was really, as the author naively tells us, quite "well-dressed," and included large numbers of landowners, and even a few manufacturers. It lasted its full term, and it has now been succeeded by a fourth Duma which is, we should surmise, even better dressed. M. Kokovtzeff has made all the usual

promises of legislation which will at last realise some of the promises of elementary civil liberty made in the Tsar's manifesto of October, 1905. Seven years have passed, and a Russian Premier is still vaguely promising for the uncertain future a Bill to end the system by which citizens may be deported and imprisoned by administrative process. That promise is an admission that there has been no progress. If the Bill does really end this system, and if it ever becomes an Act, it will be the first real step towards elementary civil liberty which Russia has seen in this long period. For the rest, the record has been a blood-stained chronicle of continuous reaction. The liberty of Finland is gone, the legal plight of the Jews is actually worsened, the press awaits a more stringent muzzle. Even for speeches in the Duma, deputies will henceforth be liable to prosecution, and the prisons, already crowded with the ardent youth of the intellectual class, must now expect its leaders. Seven years ago Russia was a staggering chaos. The failure of her own progressives and the diplomacy of the Western Powers have combined to restore her to her old status. She is to-day a solid tyranny and a Great Power.

THE LIE IN WAR.

A NOVEL founded on fact is damned to start with, and every writer of fiction knows how the smallest touch of truth may spoil a story. It is not merely that truth is stranger. Truth is so monstrously strange, so incredible, so grotesquely and ludicrously impossible that fiction has no place for it. The little bit of truth seems to stand out from the rest as though it were printed red. One could cut it off like a diseased growth, or it is like a lump of raw suet in a pudding. Art abhors it more than a vacuum. In vain the writer pleads to himself and others that the thing is true, that it happened thus in real life. No matter how it happened, it must out. No matter how true it is, the truer the worse. It cannot be allowed, not merely in polite society, but in any society. The human mind rejects it, not merely with disgust, but with horror, just as a horse shies at something incomprehensible, or a dog shivers at a snake. For, in fiction, the mind can only move along certain lines, as in thinking it can only move in time and space, and the intrusion of so unconscionable a thing as truth upsets its balance, till it plunges desperately about, like a philosopher in unlimited and timeless chaos.

Even in descriptions of so-called facts, the laws of fiction hold, and history is hardly more like truth than the Arabian Nights. Take records at their simplest, and still you cannot be sure of reality. Dynasties become mythology, figures tell fairy-tales, and the parish registers are quick with ghosts. Only a few months ago a Special Commission sat for weeks endeavoring to discover the exact truth about a terrible disaster. Evidence was called, eye-witnesses told their memories, skilled lawyers questioned and explained, a judge delivered judgment. If ever truth was published abroad, one would suppose it was the truth about that wreck. But does the human mind accept the truth? It rejects it as incredible, and the ballad that flies from mouth to mouth resurrects every lie that was born of the event, and fondles it into lasting life. All men were brave, all saved the women and children first, all boats were filled to the brim, the captain said, "Be British," the rich and poor stood side by side in perfect equality of death. It is not only that the people love to have it so; there is a rule of the mind which prevents them having it otherwise. Nearly all of us are Pragmatists at heart. It works, we say, therefore it must have happened. We believe the lie because reality is incredible. Fiction is less absurd than fact, therefore it is true. "Ben trovato" equals "vero."

This love of the lie becomes most fervid in times like the present when reaction rages against the strict limits of scientific method, and the unsatisfied mind is attempting to penetrate regions where science cannot breathe. Through love of the lie, the Pleiades are invoked to decide suburban fortunes, destiny is read in wrinkles, the fool magnifies his folly in a ball of glass,

drawing-room tables give up their dead, and all the quackery of Bond Street and Holborn booms like trade. But next to the dim confines of the supernatural, there is no province where the lie is so tenderly cultivated as in war. Here all the strongest passions of man unite to pervert or obliterate the truth. Fear, hatred, shame, and love of honor all stand waiting upon the lie. Even the love of women contributes a service, for though courage is the rarest of all human qualities, no man hopes to win women after confessing cowardice, and yet he may confess light-heartedly to any other vice or crime.

All these passions combine with long tradition to propagate and nurture up the lie of warfare. Certainly, the best liars are the painters, and no battle-picture we have seen has ever borne the smallest resemblance to the reality of war. But the accounts of eye-witnesses are almost equally false. Swept away in a panic rout, the present writer once heard officers and men alike protesting to earth and heaven that they had fought like lions, and he would have believed them if he had not seen them crawling out of the trenches the moment that the enemy came in sight. On another occasion he met terrified gangs of runaways who swore that the enemy had carried the ford of a river by holding shrieking women in front of them so that no one could shoot. Them, too, he might have believed if he had not proceeded to the river and found that no woman had shrieked, no enemy had attempted to cross, but that, on the contrary, the army of the runaways themselves had crossed and driven their opponents twenty miles away.

War, indeed, produces a physical condition which almost prevents the combatant from seeing reality, however truly he may wish to describe it. Hardly any combatant knows what is going on. The mind is fixed upon the immediate surroundings with unremitting intensity. Time stands still or rushes past, an hour to five minutes, or five minutes to an hour. Space is distorted, the distant is near, hills are magnified or unobserved, torrents shrink to rivulets, and the world looks jumbled as a Futurist's dream—here an eye, there a tongue of flame, there spouting blood. Go over a battlefield with combatants only three days after the contest, and hardly one of them will recognise the places where they stood or the positions they attacked. "Hot work, sir, hot work!" was all that Stevenson could get out of a soldier when he inquired about a bloody fight, though the man was eloquent on other subjects. Perhaps that is about the truest account of fighting that one is likely to get from any combatant, and yet it must have been from the conversation of combatants that all the old histories of famous battles were composed.

Cæsar, to be sure, was his own historian, and once, to rally a legion, he fought bareheaded in the foremost line. Tacitus appears to have recognised the impossibility of truth, and to have composed battles on first principles, like a child, without troubling over useless inquiries. But what shall we say of Thermopylæ, or of the other historian's account of the battles in Syracuse Harbor, especially of the last great battle, when the spectators ashore swayed to and fro in their excitement, cheering or howling as at a theatre? Or what can we really know of Carthaginian and barbarian wars with Rome, or of Kossovo and the repeated battles with the Turks, or of the ceaseless mediæval wars, religious wars, Marlborough wars, wars of succession, and even Napoleonic campaigns? From what a chaos of gossip, vain-glory, terror, and forgetfulness have all those doughty stories been concocted! Take the evidence at its very best: Chaucer's Knight must have been a model authority on war. No man had ridden further in Christendom and heathenness, and from the first he had loved truth and honor, freedom and courtesy. Yet of his fifteen mortal battles we wonder what clear and separate account he could have given when the historian came to make his notes.

This is all old stuff, it may be said; our fathers loved fiction and were satisfied with appropriate lies; but we do better now. Military attachés are sent by all the Powers to report on the methods and events of every war. Correspondents, skilled in military history and inured to hardship, are sent by every great newspaper in Europe,

and with the help of the telegraph they supply our breakfast tables with veracious accounts of blood and slaughter. Not being engaged in the fight, nor excited by personal emotion, they can give an unprejudiced and trustworthy narrative. The wire enables us to read history in the making, and by means of cinematograph and gramophone we can witness the killing and hear the actual cries of the wounded while taking a free tea in a theatre. In this country we have long been removed by so comfortable a distance from the peril that we can cultivate the impersonal calm necessary for scientific observation, and all the tenor of our modern life combines with our inventions to lay bare before us the very actuality of war. All this might be said, and anyone would suppose that, even granting man's natural love of fiction, yet we get nearer the reality of war than in classic, mediæval, or even Napoleonic wars. But the very reverse is true.

The latest war was brief, simple, "dramatic," in many ways a model of generalship, and big with historic interest; yet it seems likely to be the worst recorded. Attachés and correspondents were imprisoned, allowed neither to see reality nor speak of it. Telegraph and camera defeated themselves, and because they might betray the truth, no truth was permitted. From the turmoil of defeat, some news escaped, but on the victorious side the historian will have to depend upon the old-fashioned rumors, gossip, confused memories, and colored imaginations of the combatants themselves. In course of time a Staff History may be issued, glossing over errors, and containing about as much living interest as the key to a problem in chess. All this will be poor enough material for the future historian, though no worse than for the old. But he will be brought up sharp against a new and modern difficulty as well. That is the "fake." In the clamor for news many editors were reckless what they put in, and answering the daily clamor from home many correspondents were reckless what they sent. We have seen a reputed photograph of a captured position that was no more like the position than a gorge in the Himalayas is like Primrose Hill; but the editor gulped it down, and the public gulped it after him. We have read accounts of supposed events that would have made fine short stories, all the better because they had not the remotest connection with fact. For, while suppressing truth with both hands, the Censors allowed any lie to flit upon its way, provided it was sufficiently false to be harmless.

Here is trouble enough, but the historian's trouble will be further complicated by the discovery of fragments of truth jumbled up among the biggest "fakes" of all. Side by side with dates and places that cannot be fitted together, with tales of war-weary horses that never breathed, and battles that were never fought, he will find little lines of truth, contained in telegrams dated from "Army Headquarters," though written in one of the best hotels in the Balkan Peninsula, over a hundred miles from the nearest gun. What is the poor man to do? How shall he extricate truth for the edification of future time? As in the United States, where news is not born but made, the demand for daily history has ruined the historian, and the wire that should bring a due quantity of fact to breakfast conducts a circulating library of fiction. So it is that Nature, which always abhors perfection, contrives to thwart science in her progress. Machines which promise to reduplicate beauty fail to produce it once. Speed, which promises distant travel, contracts the world till it seems scarcely worth while to move. And electric contrivances, which promise truths new every morning, ingeminate error to start the day.

"CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS?"

THOUGHT, like science, is not national, but cosmopolitan, and it will be admitted by all who follow the movements of intellectual opinion on the Continent, that one of the most powerful thinkers in Germany at the present moment is Professor Eucken, of the University of Jena. Edition after edition of his works are issued at rapid

intervals from the press, a sure proof of the wide and growing popularity he enjoys among his fellow-countrymen; and the translations of them which appear from time to time in England would seem to show that this popularity is slowly extending to ourselves. In these circumstances, it is interesting to know what a writer of Eucken's intellectual weight and eminence thinks about the religious problem in the modern world. It is true we have an expression of this opinion in some of his larger and more recondite works; but within the last few months, he has again expressed it in a more popular and concrete form in a little volume with the title, "Can we still be Christians?" Before venturing upon an answer to this question, Professor Eucken is careful to remind us of the fact that the Christianity of the present and of the future must differ in many respects from the traditional Christianity of the past. When the great creeds of Christendom were formulated, and even when the Confessions of faith of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation were placed in the hands of believers, the whole Christian Church, whether reformed or unreformed, was dominated by a pre-scientific conception of the world and man. The Christian religion, if it is to live as a great world religion, must abandon this point of view. It must be prepared to quit the ecclesiastical forms in which the substance of the Christian message has from time to time been cast. These forms are only the framework in which the picture of the Christian faith has from time to time been set. They do not constitute the picture itself. The picture has a power and an attractiveness, a spiritual depth and inwardness, which modern civilisation, in spite of all its achievements in other domains, cannot create, and which it must have before it to prevent it from sinking into mere outwardness and materialism. It is on this account that Professor Eucken, in the concluding pages of his little book, arrives at the conclusion that we not only can still be Christians, but that we must.

If Dr. Eucken stood alone in his opinion as to the necessity for the maintenance of the religious element in modern life, it would be permissible to say that he was an isolated and negligible phenomenon in the world of thought. But his views are common to many of the most prominent thinkers in modern Germany. It is true that some of these writers do not take up the same definitely Christian attitude as himself. But all are at one with him in refusing to believe that it is possible to build up a satisfactory conception of the totality of things on the theories and hypotheses which lie at the basis of the natural sciences. This is the line, for example, of Professor Rickert in his remarkable work on "The Science of Culture and the Science of Nature." It is the view of Dr. Windelband in his "Preludien," it is the view of Professor Simmel in his "Problems of the Philosophy of History." All these writers are absolutely free from theological prepossessions of any kind. But they all believe that the phenomena of consciousness, as exhibited in history, in religion, in ethics, in art, must be taken into consideration in the attempt to frame an adequate and satisfactory view of the world and life. The natural sciences are entitled to play a part, and a prominent part, in the formation of such a view, but the philosophy of nature cannot present us with a satisfactory conception of the scheme of things apart from the philosophy of mind. It is the growing consciousness of this fact which is leading contemporary German thinkers to revise the estimates of the value of religion arrived at by their fathers a generation or two ago.

One of the most striking of these estimates, as those of us who have lived long enough will remember, was the famous book of David Friedrich Strauss, published about forty years ago. Strauss's "Old Faith and the New" was the last product of his brilliant and prolific pen; and a re-perusal of it at this distance of time shows how far we have travelled since it fell like an exploding shell among the ranks of old orthodox believers. In the preliminary pages of this "Essay" Strauss asks the question which Eucken has just repeated in very similar terms: Are we still Christians? But he arrives at a very different conclusion. Starting from the principle that the primitive forms of Christianity are the

only means by which we can understand its more highly developed forms, Strauss immediately applies this principle to the traditional Christian doctrines of the creation of the world, the fall of man, original sin, the personality of the devil, and a number of other dogmas; and it is quite easy for him to show that the modern world no longer accepts these doctrines in their traditional signification. If the intellectual forms in which Christian believers in other ages have attempted to express the contents of their faith are to be accepted as equivalent to the substance of their religious convictions, then the conclusion which Strauss reaches is inevitable. "If," he says, "we do not wish to resort to subterfuges; if we do not wish to fall into subtleties; if we wish to answer Yes or No; if we wish to speak as loyal and sincere men, we must make the admission—We are no longer Christians." Apart from its metaphysics, which is a type of materialistic monism, Strauss's book represents the dominant attitude of intellectual circles towards religion in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This view was powerfully represented in England by writers such as Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer, and it still prevails among many who have not yet emancipated themselves from the idea that the natural sciences are the only means of attaining a knowledge of the highest and deepest realities. To those, on the other hand, who refuse to be bound down by the presuppositions of the natural sciences; to those who, like Eucken, believe in the immense significance of the life of the spirit, the answer of Strauss is a superficial answer. It is an answer which is only possible when the substance of religion is confused with the varying and temporary forms in which religious truth finds expression. Just as life itself exists independently of the definitions of it which we owe to biologists, so does the religious spirit exist independently of the doctrines of the theologian.

If Eucken may be taken as typical of the most modern phase of German intellectual tendencies, Bergson is an equally prominent representative of the mind of modern France. Bergson has sometimes been spoken of as if he advocated a kind of atheistic monism. It is true that he rejects the doctrine which founds itself on the unity of Nature or the unity of knowledge in a God who is merely a principle of immobility—a principle which is, in fact, nothing, since it does nothing. In his published writings he has not so far dealt either with moral or religious problems, and we must be content to wait, perhaps for some time to come, for a full expression of his opinions on these important issues. In the meantime, we are not left without witness of the direction in which his mind is moving. In a letter to a friend, which has just been published in Professor Edouard Le Roy's little volume, "Une Philosophie Nouvelle," Bergson says: "The considerations set forth in my 'Essay' on the immediate facts of consciousness are intended to bring to light the fact of liberty: those in 'Matter and Memory' touch upon the reality of spirit: those in 'Creative Evolution' present creation as a fact. From all this there clearly emerges the idea of a God, creator and free; the generator at once of matter and of life, whose creative efforts as regards life are continued through the evolution of species and the constitution of human personalities." It is manifest from this that Bergson, as well as Eucken, is prepared to adopt a definitely religious conception of the world. Among ourselves Professor James Ward, of Cambridge, equal in intellectual eminence to the most distinguished thinkers on the Continent, in his last important volume on "The Realm of Ends," arrives at very much the same fundamental position. In this deeply thoughtful work he tries to ascertain what we can know or reasonably believe concerning the constitution of the world interpreted throughout and strictly in the terms of mind, and he arrives at the conclusion that the scheme of things points to a theism both practically and theoretically rational, which may claim our faith while it transcends our knowledge. Whether we look at Germany, France, or this country, we see that at the present time much that is highest and most illustrious in the thinking world is on the side of religious belief. It is a great change from

the state of mind existing thirty years ago. It shows us that it is possible to accept a spiritual interpretation of the world and life, and yet be abreast of all that is best in the thought and action of the modern world; that, in fact, this conception ultimately emerges as the most reasonable and satisfactory of all.

Short Studies.

THE YOUNG MAN OUT OF A BOOK.

HE was one of those men who can call ladies by their Christian names. One day he met twenty-four duchesses walking on a red carpet, and he winked at them, and they were all delighted. Such he appeared to her at first. Has a mere girl any protection against a man of that quality? And she was the very merest of girls—she knew it. It was not at all that she was ignorant, for she had read widely about men in books, and she had three brothers about whom she knew divers intimate things.

Indeed, it is a fact that the girl who has been reared among brothers has few defences against other males. She has acquired two things—a belief in the divine right of man and a curiosity as to what those men are like who are not her brothers. She may love her brothers, but she does not believe they adequately represent the other sex. Does not every girl wish to marry the antithesis of her brother? The feeling is that one should marry as far outside of the family as is possible, and as far outside of one's self as may be. But love has become subject to geography, and our choice is often bounded by the tram-line upon which we travel from our houses to our businesses and back again.

While she loved and understood her brothers, she had not in the least understood or believed in the stories she had read, and so, when the Young Man out of a Book came to her, she was delighted but perplexed. It was difficult to live up to him worthily. It was difficult to know what he would do next, and it was exceedingly difficult to keep out of his way, for he seemed to pervade the part of the world where she lived. He was almost as ubiquitous as the air or the sky. If she went into a shop, he was pacing on the pavement when she came out. If she went for a walk, he was standing at the place further than which she had decided not to go. She had found him examining a waterfall on the Dodder, leaning over the bear-pit in the Zoological Gardens, and kneeling beside her in the chapel, and her sleep had been distressed by the reflection that maybe he was sitting on her window-sill like a sad sparrow drenched in the rain, all its feathers on end with the cold, and its eyes wide open staring at misery.

The first time they met he spoke to her. He had plucked a handkerchief from the ground, and thrust it into her hand saying: "You have dropped this, I think," and she had been too alarmed to disown it. It was a mighty handkerchief. It was so big that it would scarcely fit into her muff. "It is a table-cloth," said she, as she solemnly stuffed away its lengthy flaps. "It is his own," she thought, a moment later, and she would have laughed like a mad woman only that she had not time, for he was pacing delicately by her side, and talking in a low voice that was partly a whisper and partly a whistle, and was entirely and disturbingly delicious.

The next time they met very suddenly. Scarcely a dozen paces separated them. She could see him advancing towards her, and knew he was searching anxiously for something to say. When they drew together he lifted his hat and said: "How is your handkerchief to-day?" The query so astonished her that (the verb is her own) she simply bawled with laughter. From that time he treated her with absolute freedom; for if once you laugh with a person you admit him to equality, you have ranked him definitely as a vertebrate, your hand is his by right of species, scarcely can you withhold even your lips from his advances.

Another, a strange, a fascinating thing, was that he was afraid of her. It was inconceivable, it was mad, but it was true. He looked at her with disguised terror. His bravado was the slenderest mask. Every word he said was uttered tentatively; it was subject to her approval, and if she opposed a statement he dropped it instantly, and adopted her alternative as one adopts a gift. This astonished her who had been prepared to be terrified. He kept a little distance between them as they walked, and when she looked at him he looked away. She had a horrid vision of herself as an ogre—whiskers sprouted all over her face, her ears bulged and swaggled, her voice became a cavernous rumble, her conversation sounded like fee-faw-fum—and yet her brothers were not afraid of her in the least; they pinched her, and kicked her hat.

He spoke (but always without prejudice) of the loveliest things imaginable—matters about which brothers had no conception, and for which they would not have any reverence. He said, one day, that the sky was blue, and, on looking, she found it was so. The sky was amazingly blue. It had never struck her before, but there was a color in the firmament before which one might fall down and worship. Sunlight was not the hot glare which it had been; it was inexpressibly rich, generous, it was beautiful. The color and scent of flowers became more varied. The world emerged as from shrouds and cerements; it was tender and radiant; comeliness lived everywhere, and goodwill. Laughter! the very ground bubbled with it; the grasses waved their hands, the trees danced and curtsied to one another with gentle dignity, and the wind lurched down the path with its hat on the side of its head and its hands in its pockets, whistling, like her youngest brother.

And then he went away. She did not see him any more. He was not by the waterfall on the Dodder, nor hanging over the bear-pit in the Zoo. He was not in the chapel, nor on the pavement when she came out of a shop. He was not anywhere. She searched, but he was not anywhere, and the sun became the hot pest it had always been; the heavens were stuffed with dirty clouds the way a second-hand shop is stuffed with dirty bundles; the trees were hulking corner-boys with muddy boots; the wind blew the dust into her eye, and her brothers pulled her hair and kicked her hat, so that she went apart from all these. She sat before her mirror and regarded herself with woeful amazement. "He was afraid of me," she said, and she wept into his monstrous handkerchief.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Drama.

THE TRAGEDY OF LOW SPIRITS.

"Plays." By ANTON TCHKOFF. (Duckworth.)

EVERY weakness has its kind of strength, and when Nietzsche wrote that he found the "power to exercise will" strongest in the Russian Empire, he meant the undeveloped, latent will of a horde of half-barbaric peoples. But this mass-will is not the force which impresses the student of Russian literature. Rather he is struck by a certain delicate, highly-wrought, even over-nurtured quality of sympathy, not at all suggestive of a race meet for great action in the spheres of war or politics. The Russian writers will not have our coarse finish, our short views and made moralities. Neither their novels of experience nor their plays of temperament are built that way. They join issues with the slightest tracery of "plot," but with a close lacework of feeling, through which one discerns the power of the distressed and dispirited personality that we English are wont to associate with the character of Hamlet. The Russian, in his turn, associates it with his country's misfortunes, with the failure of all the Russian revolutions, and the heavy drain of noble types that generations

of exile have involved. So much of his literature is sad. It shows people in low spirits, idealists at twenty, disillusioned at thirty, much too old at forty—a race not easy to comfort and dying young. They are curiously fascinating, these sensitive creatures, whose *ennui* is so much more a spiritual dissatisfaction than the shallow boredom of our gilded youth.

Tchekoff is a master of this kind of portraiture. It is not mere incompetence that he describes, or shiftlessness, or the drunken, decayed, violently sportive eccentrics of Turgeneff's rural sketches. It is a real paralysis of the finer kind of will, failing not merely to surmount an odious embarrassment, like Hamlet's, forced upon him by a kind of darkly vengeful Providence, but to compass the average span of man's existence. Such failures, we know, exist in every human economy. People get tired. They tire of self-sacrifice, of charity, of work in obscurity, or for thankless husbands and children and wives. Our less sympathetic, less imaginative literature takes small account of these lost "dead-beats," stragglers in the army of humanity. Tchekoff insists on giving them their place. A collection of his plays is therefore an epitome of their hapless struggles and tame surrenders. These Russian weaklings show little self-control. "He shrieks," "he weeps," "he sighs"—are recurring stage directions. They have "the mania for self-analysis," which accuses their way of life, and brings about violent but futile reactions against it. "Uncle Vanya" spends his best days in stupidly ministering to an insufferable old pedant, and then stupidly tries to shoot him. Astroff, the pleasant, sensible, helpful doctor, saves others, but does not save himself from vodka, an uncanny solitude, a life among thankless peasants, which "sucks" down intelligence and zeal. Masha drinks to keep herself going or to sear her heart. The best and simplest (like Sonia, in "Uncle Vanya") neither drink, nor make love, nor give way, but endure to the end, ministering hopelessly to the hopeless. All lack moral persistence; the one thoroughly purposeful character in these plays is a slave of his own rectitude, and his interference for good merely helps on the general ruin.

These are the minor catastrophes of the plays. There are also the comedies. There is the ever-young actress, dragging the great writer, Trigorin, in her train, losing him, re-capturing him, a monster of stage vanity and personal selfishness, yet adorable in both. There is Trigorin himself,* to whom Nature and men's and women's hearts must for ever be translated and re-translated into words and books. There is the card-player, who rushes noisily across the stage to explain why he lost his last night's game of vint (the Russian bridge). This is the stuff of ironic comedy, so skilfully, so broadly displayed in "The Cherry Orchard." In "Ivanoff" and "The Sea Gull," the real matter of Tchekoff's art concentrates itself on the pictures of the hero and of Trepleff, the actress's son. Trepleff is his mother's child, so far as vanity and jealousy go. He understands why a flirtatious mother of fifty-three hates a son of thirty-two, who sees through and despises the theatre-worship, the self-adoration, of the "star." To her, on the other hand, his more refined art is mere "decadence"; and the two neurotics kiss and

*When was the cruel professionalism of the artist better described than in Trigorin's confession (to the girl whose life he proposes to offer up to his art-idol)?—

"I am, as it were, on a treadmill. I hurry for ever from one story to another, and can't help myself. Do you see anything bright and beautiful in that? Oh, it is a wild life! Even now, thrilled as I am by talking to you, I do not forget for an instant that an unfinished story is awaiting me. My eye falls on that cloud there, which has the shape of a grand piano; I instantly made a mental note that I must remember to mention in my story a cloud floating by that looked like a grand piano. I smell heliotrope; I mutter to myself: a sickly smell, the color worn by widows; I must remember that in writing my next description of a summer evening. I catch an idea in every sentence of yours or of my own, and hasten to lock all these treasures in my literary store-room, thinking that some day they may be useful to me. As soon as I stop working I rush off to the theatre or go fishing, in the hope that I may find oblivion there, but no! Some new subject for a story is sure to come rolling through my brain like an iron cannon-ball. I hear my desk calling, and have to go back to it and begin to write, write, write, once more. And so it goes for everlasting."

quarrel, quarrel and kiss, in savage or sentimental jars of temperament. But Trepleff has neither his mother's basis of comfortable egoism and sensuality, nor Trigorin's rigorous mechanical practice of the writer's craft, and when he loses his sweetheart to the older man, there is nothing for it but a pistol bullet. It is not Wertherism that kills him, for no one (or hardly anyone) is a Werther at thirty. It is the failure to attain the second conquest of living, the harvest that comes to the man who has the strength to live through the years of disillusionment. Nor is any other end possible to Ivanoff—the too sensitive, too charming, man, given up to "sickness of mind," to self-weariness. Ivanoff has mysteriously over-worked himself—at his estate, at rural government—heaping burdens on his back "till it broke." "We are all heroes at twenty," he cries, "ready to attack anything, to do everything, and at thirty are worn-out, useless men. How! oh, how! do you account for this weariness?" Well, there is no accounting, or, at least, no cure for it. For, to such highly-strung natures, the inevitable decline of youthful energy and glow appears as a sign, not merely of a change in the direction of vital force, but as an omen of its extinction. Why should a man live when the springs of his existence are no longer fed from within, and he has become simply a toll on the generous activities of others? So Ivanoff, having in a moment of exasperated nerves, hastened, as he thinks, his sick wife's end, refuses a young girl's devotion, and finds the path of "honor" and self-respect leads him only to suicide. That, indeed, is the logic of so thoroughly enervated a will; but if the best Russians kill themselves, and the weakest drag out their lives on vodka, what is to become of the Russian nation?

But though the atmosphere of Tchekoff's plays is depressing, their dramatic quality adds greatly to their literary interest. The technique is simple enough; such plot as they possess is revealed in soliloquies which aim at nothing less than fine writing. Their art consists in their sincerity, and their weird power of exciting and maintaining our interest in a company of delicate souls who have lost their way in the dangerous "middle passage"—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita."

Blessed is he that endures to the end! But how many endure? What is the percentage of wrecks, or half-wrecks, amid the mass of human tonnage that somehow struggles into port, like the steamer "Narung," battered and broken, but with colors flying and a Captain on the bridge? Tchekoff, as I have said, draws barely one picture of this surviving fortitude, and the girl Sonia, who embodies it, in the ending of "Uncle Vanya," will need all her strength to keep her household of faint-hearts in being. "How miserable I am!" sighs Uncle Ivan. "Yes," replies Sonia, "but we must live our lives." And she goes on:—

"Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live through the long procession of days before us, and through the long evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials that fate imposes on us; we shall work for others without rest, both now and when we are old; and when our last hour comes we shall meet it humbly, and there, beyond the grave, we shall say that we have suffered and wept, that our life was bitter, and God will have pity on us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall see that bright and beautiful life; we shall rejoice and look back upon our sorrow here; a tender smile—and—we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. [SONIA kneels down before her uncle and lays her head on his hands. She speaks in a weary voice.] We shall rest. [TELEGIN plays softly on the guitar.] We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see all evil and all our pain sink away in the great compassion that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and tender and sweet as a caress. I have faith; I have faith. [She wipes away her tears.] My poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you are crying! [Weeping.] You have never known what happiness was, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait! We shall rest. [She embraces him.] We shall rest. [The WATCHMAN'S rattle is heard in the garden; TELEGIN plays softly; MME. VOITSKAYA writes something on the margin of her pamphlet; MARINA knits her stocking.] We shall rest."

How beautiful! And how spiritless. For Sonia does not believe in her vision, and the saint has become a sceptic with the rest.

H. W. M.

Present-Day Problems.

CO-OPERATION AND THE MINIMUM WAGE.

A HISTORY of political and social ideals would make curious and often depressing reading. Such ideals seem at intervals in the progress of time to rise nobly into a wave; we ride nobly on the crest for a brief moment a little nearer the stars, and then the wave sinks down and we welter aimlessly in a choppy sea. Our fathers were swept up by such a wave; they called it Liberty and Democracy. But with partial attainment ideals lose their attraction; and now the young man at Oxford or Cambridge, with many older people, is inclined to talk of Democracy as a failure.

This disenchantment has followed because the thick of the fight was naturally around political democracy; and the high hopes of political democratic institutions have not altogether been fulfilled. But there are two great movements—Trade Unionism and Co-operation—which have sprung directly from the democratic ideals of the last century, which have materialised those ideals in practice, and which might reasonably give some comfort and encouragement to those who are already prepared to mourn over the grave of democracy.

The number of people in the middle and upper classes who have any real knowledge of Trade Unionism is astonishingly small; but it is safe to say that for every fifty who have such knowledge, there is scarcely one who has any knowledge at all of the Co-operative movement. And yet the Co-operative movement, consisting of between 2½ and 3 million persons, organised on a purely democratic basis, shows most clearly the ideals of the people if left to govern themselves, and the spirit in which they put those ideals into practice. The great question of the minimum wage for women, which has been agitating co-operators during the past weeks and was finally settled a fortnight ago, throws an interesting light on that spirit.

It is necessary, first, to say a few words on the Co-operative organisation. The unit of that organisation is really the Consumers' Co-operative Society. At the end of 1910 there were in the United Kingdom over 1,400 such societies, with a membership of over 2½ millions. Practically all the members belong to the working classes. The main object of the societies is to buy or produce, and then retail through their stores, all articles needed for consumption by their members. The capital of these enterprises, which amounts to over £30,000,000, is subscribed by the members; the profits are distributed among those members in the form of a dividend upon purchases. The policy of the societies is controlled by the members through the quarterly business meetings, the Executive Management being in the hands of Management Committees, elected by the members.

The aim of co-operation is to eliminate the profit of the capitalist and *entrepreneur*. This is attained, not only by the consumer buying wholesale and retailing to himself, but also by producing for himself. To facilitate this object the English Co-operative Wholesale Society was established in 1864. The C.W.S., as it is universally known by co-operators, is now a federation of 1,159 societies, representing an individual membership of over 2,000,000, and is controlled in the same way as the societies which compose it, the quarterly meetings being attended by delegates from those societies.

Now one of the most interesting results of this development of co-operation is that these two million working-class consumers have themselves become very large employers of working-class labor. The consumers' societies of the United Kingdom had over 110,000 persons directly employed by them in 1909, and the English C.W.S. alone employs at the present time nearly 5,000 persons in its distributive, and over 13,000 in its manufacturing, departments.

Co-operation began in idealism, the idealism of that most sagacious and practical idealist, Robert Owen. And the history of the movement shows that aspirations and hopes, not of a mercenary character, have always been in

the minds and upon the lips of his followers. He and they have always spoken out against the tyranny of unfettered competition, maintaining that wages should be fixed according to the needs of the worker, and that it is the duty of employers "to form the character of their dependents by placing them in healthy, moral, and enjoyable surroundings."

Co-operators have just taken another step forward on the path of that duty. The Women's Co-operative Guild, which was founded in 1883 with the object of organising women as co-operators, has for several years agitated for the adoption of a minimum scale of wages for women employees. The scale was recommended by the Co-operative Union in 1908, and has been approved by three Co-operative Congresses. In 1910 the Guild approached the Wholesale Society and urged the adoption of the scale in its distributive and manufacturing departments, in which over 7,000 women are employed. It was shown that more than half of these 7,000 women were receiving less than the scale, and that the adoption of the scale would cause an increase in the wages bill of £35,000. In 1911 the resolution to adopt the scale was lost. It was reintroduced this year. The directors then made an announcement that they had decided to adopt the proposed scale for all females employed in the distributive departments, but that they could not pledge themselves to apply it universally to productive departments. An amended resolution was then proposed and passed finally at the quarterly meeting last week, to the effect that the directors should put the proposed scale in force not later than January 1st, 1914, in the productive works as well as in distributive departments.

The importance of this campaign can hardly be exaggerated. In the first place, as to the scale itself. The minimum wage is graded according to the age of the worker, as follows:—

Age	...	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Wage	...	5/-	7/-	9/-	11/-	13/-	15/-	17/-

Seventeen shillings a week may seem by no means a very high wage, but it is not only enormously higher than the average wage actually earned by women, but considerably higher than the minimum proposed by persons who have urged the adoption of a legal minimum wage. Thus 12s. 6d. a week for females over eighteen years was the minimum suggested in an article in the "Socialist Review" for February, 1911. The minimum time rates for women fixed by the recently appointed Trade Boards are, in the chain-making trade 2½d. an hour, in lace-making 3d. an hour, in box-making 3d. an hour, in tailoring 3½d. an hour. Taking a week's work as fifty hours, we get minimum wages in these trades respectively, of 10s. 5d., 12s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 14s. 7d.

The scale, then, even as an ideal, is amazingly high. But it has been actually adopted for 7,000 women. Of these 7,000 women, 2,000 to 3,000 are employed in manufacture. And the scale is not confined to any particular industry or locality. The Wholesale Society employs women in its soap works at Manchester, London, and Newcastle; in its biscuit works, tobacco works, shirt and clothing factory in Manchester and Leeds; in its boot and shoe works at Leicester, its jam works at Middleton, its hosiery factory in the Midlands, and its cotton and woollen factories in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Nor is the scale confined to the Wholesale Society alone; it has already been adopted by about 180 distributive societies in England and Wales, employing between 2,000 and 3,000 women and girls. In individual cases, women's wages have in consequence been raised by as much as 4s. a week. Many other societies are pledged to raise their wages to the scale by degrees, and now that the Wholesale Society has adopted it, there can be no doubt that in a few years it will become practically universal throughout the movement.

But this new stirring of the spirit within the movement may have effects that will be felt without. If the Co-operator as employer can base his scale of wages on a minimum of 17s. for adult women, there can be no reason which would make a national minimum of not less than 15s. a week for adults impossible. Everyone knows, for it has been demonstrated again and again, that cheap

labor is dear labor always, and it is a monstrous thing that over 350,000 women should be employed at under 12s. a week in the clothing and textile trades when the Wholesale Society can voluntarily fix a minimum of 17s. for all women employed in their factories in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

But there is another and equally important side to the matter. The material success of the Co-operative movement has been enormous. The membership of distributive co-operative societies in England and Wales has gone up in the years 1901-1910 from 1,400,000 to 2,100,000; the share capital from £19,000,000 to £26,000,000, and the profits from £6,000,000 to £8,000,000. There are few private industrial firms that could not take a lesson in business management, not only from the Wholesale Society, with its sales amounting to £26,000,000 and more in a year, but also from many of the retail societies. But if the working classes, in their co-operative societies, have justified themselves as business men, they are now also justifying themselves as employers. They have shown that they do not forget, as consumers and employers, the principles for which, organised as producers in their trade unions, they have strenuously fought. They have shown that, when industry is democratically governed, the interests of the worker can be safeguarded. There are already signs of a movement to bring into closer relations co-operation and trade unionism. It is impossible to exaggerate the gain of strength to each which would result if these two great democratic organisations joined forces. And if all men and women who live by the work of their hands in this country belonged both to a co-operative society and to a trade union, there would be very little sweated labor and very little labor unrest.

Letters to the Editor.

THE TORIES AND THE TRADE UNION BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Leslie Scott, in your issue of December 21st, makes a protest against the statement that the Unionist Party is engaged in an attempt to smash trade unionism and to wreck the Trade Union Bill, and he sets out to justify the action of the party in Committee. May I be permitted to put once again the view of the Labor Party in regard to this matter? Mr. Scott makes the usual statement which we heard on the Committee *ad nauseam* that "on the principle of the Bill we are all agreed," and that "we are in favor of trade union representation in the House of Commons." We, as a Labor Party, prefer to judge not by the professions made but by the actions of the Unionist Party. If the Unionist Party are in favor of the principle of the Bill, why did they divide against it on second reading, when 132 of them walked into the Lobby against it? If they are in favor of trade union representation, why did they move amendments which would clearly have made the Bill one which it was impossible for the unions either to work or to accept? As to the statement that "the Unionist Members steadily refused to adopt obstructive or wrecking tactics," that, again, is a matter of opinion. As a member of the Committee, I can only say that if the tactics which the Unionist Members of the Committee adopted in the early stages were not "obstructive and wrecking," then I do not know what obstruction or wrecking means. Had these tactics been persevered in till the end, the Bill would not only not have been through Committee before Christmas, it would have met the fate of the Housing and Mental Deficiency Bills, to which Mr. Leslie Scott alludes. Let anyone compare the progress made in the Committee before the Bolton by-election and after, and he will not be slow to draw conclusions which would certainly not be favorable to Mr. Leslie Scott's contention.

Now, let me deal with the actual proceedings on the Committee itself in support of the general charge against the Unionist Members, which I unhesitatingly endorse—namely, that the party was engaged in an attempt to wreck the Bill, and incidentally to deal a damaging blow at trade

unionism itself. Mr. Scott would have your readers believe that the action of the Unionist Members was confined to an attempt to secure the secrecy of the ballot, and the protection of the rights of the minority; but that is a complete travesty of the proceedings and a gross understatement of the position. Both by amendments to the Bill and by the provision of new clauses, the Unionist Members sought to secure:—

(a) The reversal of the Taff Vale Judgment in respect to any tortious act alleged to have been committed in furtherance of any object, other than statutory objects, within the meaning of this Act.

(b) Power to sue for benefits in the Courts.

(c) Power to the Registrar of Friendly Societies to audit the accounts.

(d) To limit the right of peaceful picketing.

(e) General interference with the self-government of trade unions in the election of officers, use of funds, control over members, conduct of ballots, and carrying out of rules, which would have gone far beyond anything necessary to secure the objects now said to be the sole objects of the Unionist Members.

Your space is valuable, or every one of these points could be proved from the printed agenda and minutes of proceedings, and if Mr. Leslie Scott denies this, and you are willing, I am prepared to give chapter and verse.

It is our contention that the Bill, as it left the Committee, more than secures the protection of the minority and the secrecy of the ballot, which Mr. Leslie Scott says was all they desired to obtain.

The rest of the letter simply serves to show the fundamental difference between Mr. Leslie Scott and the Labor Party, who in this matter represent the trade unions. It must be pointed out that the question at issue is not an election of a person to a public office, for which the State rightly seeks to secure that all necessary safeguards and secrecy shall be maintained, and prescribes the machinery, but a ballot of the members of the union as to the scope of the union's activities, with a conscience clause for the minority. We do not admit the analogy with a corporation or statutory body; but for the sake of argument, we are willing to admit it, and, we ask, where is there a corporation which does not take a vote of its members for an enlargement of its articles of association, free and unfettered from any outside interference whatever, free to make its own arrangements as to methods, counting, &c. Under these circumstances, we consider the attempts at interference moved by the Unionist Members as an insult.

There is scarcely a single statement in Paragraph 4 of Mr. Leslie Scott's letter which is correct. A man who seeks exemption has not to send a signed notice to the political caucus he is unwilling to support. He would not be subject to intimidation or outrage if he had. We challenge Mr. Leslie Scott to produce one of the "bad cases" which are said to have happened. The notices of dissentient members do not go to the Executive. The Executive control of the unions is not in the hands of the Labor Party. A man would not have publicly to avow his political convictions. To all these statements I give a categorical denial. They show that Mr. Leslie Scott neither knows his Bill nor the practices and methods of trade union government. It is this profound distrust of the trade unions which they regard as the most objectionable feature of the attack made by the Unionist Members of the Committee, and which the latter will find will not easily be forgiven.

Paragraph 5 again shows the chasm which separates the Unionist Members from the Labor Party. They say they are in favor of trade union representation, yet want to deny the trade unionist the only means of obtaining it. I am not concerned to argue this question now out of consideration for your space; but the analogy between the position of Sir Alfred Mond and the member of a trade union is entirely false, and the argument has, therefore, no validity.

I have only one word to say about the so-called silence of the Labor Party on the Committee. There was no undue silence. Every important point was answered; but the Labor Party were not such fools as to play the wrecking game with which the Opposition started the proceedings. They may or may not "pose as statesmen," but they are not quite such fools as that. Finally, I gather that though Mr. Leslie Scott was not a member of the Committee, he acted

as adviser to the others. If that is so, I cannot compliment him on the friendly spirit to trade unionism displayed in the printed amendments, or in the speeches by which they were moved.—Yours, &c.,

GEO. J. WARDLE.

312, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.
December 31st, 1912.

LIBERALS AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Robert Styring's methods as a controversialist are peculiar. After a full fortnight's consideration, he professes to have made a discovery. He says: "It is something achieved to have obtained from Mr. Hemmerde the tardy admission that the landowner does ultimately bear the burden of the rates." If this means anything at all, it means that an admission quite foreign to my original contentions has been wrung from me in the course of this newspaper controversy. I suppose that Mr. Styring hopes to gain some object by methods of controversy which are slipped to the verge of dishonesty; but I must point out that in my first letter which appeared in THE NATION I actually used these words: "The present rates" are "in their ultimate incidence admittedly a burden upon land in that their existence restrains the landlord from exacting the rent which their non-existence would render possible." So all Mr. Styring's talk about "tardy admissions" is merely a not very scrupulous attempt to impress persons who have not followed the correspondence with a not very accurate estimate of his fighting weight.

What I despair of ever making Mr. Styring see is that the mere fact that the landowner does, in a sense, ultimately bear the burden of the rates has only the smallest relevance to the question we are discussing. The suggestion that the landowner is to be called upon to pay twice over is, as I have already pointed out, nothing but a controversial quibble. It would not be fair to you or your readers for me to repeat the arguments which I used upon this subject in your issue of December 7th.

Mr. Styring is quite unabashed by the absurd mistakes which he made about the Hanley illustration, mistakes from which the most elementary knowledge of Colonial Legislation would have saved him. He boldly says that I have now given him something which cannot be misunderstood, and thereupon proceeds to show that he has misunderstood the whole controversy from beginning to end.

He takes the case of a small proprietor who has invested £3,000 in the purchase of 100 acres of land, which he farms himself. "As a citizen he is, in his efforts to put the land to the best use, rendering the highest possible service to the country. Nevertheless, he belongs to the unworthy tribe of landowners, so he must be subjected to Mr. Hemmerde's special tax of one penny in the £ on the capital value—i.e., £12 10s. per year (being an additional 3s. in the £ on his rates) to help to provide cheap labor for the manufacturers of Hanley and other places!"

It is really difficult to imagine anything more unfair than such criticism, or more stupid. Alluding to this proposed tax, I said in my first letter: "This tax is proposed to take the place of certain rates which politicians and economists of all sorts have long agreed should be national rather than local burdens." In every stage of the controversy I have insisted that this tax is *substitutive*, not *cumulative*. Mr. Styring ignores the whole argument, and treats the tax as cumulative. Let him face the facts and work out what the rates are upon this £3,000 farm. Having done so, let him compare the burden of a land values tax of one penny upon this farm (unimproved value only) with one-third of the present rates. If one penny would pay one-third of the present rates, threepence would pay them all. Let him, therefore, next see whether the farmer would be more heavily burdened if he paid threepence in the £ on his site-value instead of the present rates. The very words which Mr. Styring, from sheer ignorance of our proposals, uses to describe the plight of the "good citizen" "rendering the highest possible service to the country," and then being taxed on his good citizenship, apply not to our proposals, which would exempt all improvement from rating and taxation, but to the system which Mr. Styring defends.

Let Mr. Styring consider the application of our proposals to the recent case he gives—the case of the town shopkeeper who has paid £5,000 for the site of his business premises. Upon £5,000, a tax of threepence in the £ comes to £62 10s. Let Mr. Styring ask the shopkeeper what he now pays in rates! I have not the slightest doubt that in both cases given by Mr. Styring as typical hard cases, the victim would find himself substantially better off under the new system.

Mr. Styring next says that I miss the point in my criticism of his suggestion as to payment of Poor and Education Rates in the Hanley case from the National Exchequer. My offence is that I said that such a scheme would enrich the landowner. "Obviously," says Mr. Styring, "it would not. Less burdens on his land means increased capital value, and so more increment value duty." If Mr. Styring is of opinion that I should not be enriched if he gave me £500, because a law was passed which compelled me to give one-fifth of such a gift to the State, I must leave him to the sympathetic care of his friends.

As regards the wearisome repetition of such phrases as "confiscatory raids," "violent confiscatory agitation," I have neither time nor inclination to deal with such fatuities. I believe in the proposals of the Land Values Group, and my belief is strengthened by the fact that experience in other countries has proved them to be at least most worthy of consideration. To me it is surprising that people whose criticisms convict them of being ignorant of the very nature of the proposals which they criticise, should not only grow warm in their condemnation of such proposals, but should not even refrain from bespattering with abusive epithets, more suited to highwaymen and thieves, sincere advocates of principles which are receiving the respectful consideration of all English-speaking peoples to-day.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

House of Commons, January 1st, 1913.

THE CHAPTER AND THE CREED.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your interesting article on this subject seems to me to entirely miss the point. It is not a question as to the value of the Athanasian Creed, or as to whether in past years it was not often read, or whether in other religious bodies it is not publicly recited. The plain issue is that the clergy of the Church of England, including the clergy of the Hereford Chapter, have sworn, in the most solemn possible manner, to use the Book of Common Prayer, and none other. That book orders them, in the clearest possible terms, to recite that Creed on certain days. If they are free to disobey that rubric, then any kind of anarchy and lawlessness in Church affairs is permissible. The question is not one of Liberalism or theology, but simply that of common honesty.—Yours, &c.,

A PLAIN MAN.

London, December 31st, 1912.

THE CASE OF DRIVER KNOX.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been an earnest Liberal since I registered my first vote forty-five years ago, and my sympathies have been with every piece of legislation which sought to extend the bounds of freedom and lift burdens from the weak; but I have to confess at the end of that long stretch of time that my outlook upon the future of my country has been seriously clouded by the recent strike on the N.E.R. The confusion of thought and the blurred conceptions of obligation and duty manifested by the men and their leaders have shaken my assurance as to the days ahead; and this all the more because the confusion has not been confined to the railwaymen of the North, but has been shared by their comrades throughout the Kingdom.

Leaving for the moment the question of the justice of Driver Knox's conviction, we are confronted with the two principles which the men set out to maintain. *First*, that the masters have nothing to do with the private life of their employees; *second*, that to degrade an employee who has suffered the penalty of the law is unjust, because it inflicts a second punishment.

The first contention has not been supported outside railway ranks, so far as I have seen, and perhaps the converse is so obvious to most other people that it is unnecessary even to point out that there are many businesses and professions in which the character of an employee is almost as important to the master as to the servant himself.

The second contention seems to have had some sanction in high quarters, judging from Mr. McKenna's remarks in the House of Commons; but surely it is a rare thing if the penalty inflicted by law is the only one which the wrong-doer suffers. In many cases it is the smallest part of the retribution which as a natural consequence falls on him, and is most frequently shared by those who love him most.

There are paragraphs in your issue of the 21st which may be taken to justify the lawlessness of the men's action in striking without a day's notice, on the ground that they were resisting wrong. You say: "They were all wrong, and yet in a more ultimate sense they were all right." Apparently THE NATION considers the end justifies the means, and that the violation of the rules of their union, and the breach of their agreements with their employers, were atoned for by the vindication of their comrade. Much that is said in your article, "The Power of Wild Justice," might be controverted. Both in the article and in the paragraph on page 518 it is accepted as an unassailable fact that Mr. Chester Jones's decision is beyond all question, and that "the magistrates blundered."

The writer of the article can have had little experience of the Police Courts in manufacturing towns, or he would not have written as he has about "vindicating the right of the worker to a fair and full hearing," nor would he have said that "our social system . . . still regards the Police Court as essentially a place for disciplining the humbler classes." Possibly there may occasionally be found some warrant for such language in the proceedings of some rural petty sessions, but it will not be discovered in any large City Court, and to suggest it, is to do great injury to the cause of justice.

I am not going to enter into an argument with regard to Mr. Jones's inquiry, but I am only one of many who do not believe that a London stipendiary is necessarily an infallible man. The magistrates who tried Knox are two men of experience and repute, one of them being also on the Commission of the Peace for Durham County. The Clerk to the Newcastle Justices is known throughout England as the editor of the "Manual" which is in every Justice's library. He is greatly esteemed and trusted by his Bench and by the practitioners who appear before it, not only for his legal knowledge, but for his great experience, and still more for his unflinching sympathy with all who come before the Bench who deserve commiseration.

As a Liberal I, of course, cannot for a moment entertain the charge which is so freely made against the Government that Mr. Chester Jones came down with instructions as to his judgment. I am therefore the freer to say that I think he might with a little care have given less opportunity to critics to believe it.

May I, in conclusion, refer to your remarks with regard to the fine imposed upon the strikers? In one place you express surprise that the men accepted these terms, which seemed to you "ungracious and unwise," and in your leader you say "they have established justice and are fined six days' pay for doing it." The men's complaint, if they had any, was not against the railway company, but apparently they may with impunity, at a moment's notice, break their contract with their employers, against whom they have no complaint, inflicting on them a loss of at least £50,000, to say nothing of the still greater loss inflicted upon the community at large. If there should be another strike upon the question of these fines, as seems possible, THE NATION will have to bear some share of the responsibility for the disaster.

It will be a deplorable result of the strike if Liberal voters have to consider whether they can support as candidates for Parliament men whose sole interest is in a section of the community, to the entire disregard of the interests of all other sections.—Yours, &c.,

W. GOODE DAVIES.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 29th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that you blame the magistrates, and no doubt they might have shown more intelligence; but I do not think the chief blame lies at their door. Speaking as an old employer of labor, it seems to me that the attitude of the railway official was quite wrong, and that all the trouble came from his wrong attitude. If he had acted as a considerate employer—that is, as a human being dealing with human beings—he would have acted in some such way as this: He would at once have sent for Knox, and said something like this: "Knox, this is a very serious matter, both for you and for me, for you must agree that in the face of this conviction it is impossible for me to go on as though nothing had happened. Suppose soon after this you had an accident with your engine, what would people say about me?" If this had been put properly to Knox, I feel sure he would have agreed, and then there would have been no strike in any case; but the official would have continued: "Now, you hold a good record, and I should like to think there is some mistake. Just give me your own account of the matter." When he had heard Knox's account, I think he would say: "You must appeal at once. Knowing what I know of you and the police, I believe your version of the story, and I will help you all I can." Knox would have appealed, and there can be little doubt of the result.

Thus, simply by the exercise of good and proper feeling on the part of the official, all would have been well; and all trouble, including an enormous money loss to his company, would have been avoided.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

Willessey, Glos.

THE CRUELITIES OF SLAUGHTERING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Should not the brutalising effect on the slaughterers, who carelessly or brutally slaughter animals for food or other purposes, be taken into consideration by the community? Cruelty reacts on the cruel, and it is hideous to reflect on the unnecessary suffering inflicted on helpless creatures day after day, year after year, and on the effect it must have on those who inflict it. Cannot the brutality and the torture be put an end to?—Yours, &c.,

E. M. COBDEN.

December 30th, 1912.

[Clearly it can, by some few simple and practical reforms.—ED., NATION.]

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ATTACK ON THE VICEROY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In commenting on the recent murderous assault on the Viceroy of India in the streets of Delhi, you say that "the choice of this occasion for such an outrage presents a baffling puzzle in the psychology of political crime." Does this not involve the assumption that the political motive for such evil deeds is the only one that needs to be taken into account? I venture to suggest that this is not the case, and that there is an attraction for some minds in the deed itself which may survive the grievance in the existence of which the justification of violent action may originally have been sought for. This attraction, it seems to me, is twofold.

In the first place, there is the sense of power which comes to a man—who is probably unknown, and has possibly been treated with contempt—when he imagines that his deed, if successful, will arrest the machinery of government and strike terror into the hearts of those who regard him as the dirt beneath their feet. This craving of a mean mind for the display of power is precisely the feeling which accounts for the much less grandiose action of the militant suffragette.

And, in the second place, there is the instinct of the hunter stalking his prey—the contrivance, the risk, the excitement, the rapture of pursuit. You don't suppose, do you, that it is for the sake of possible venison that a deer-stalker tramps weary miles over bogs, and cowers behind boulders in the rain, or that it is merely to deliver a neighborhood from a pest that an Indian civilian goes out to shoot a man-eating tiger?

I do not affirm that this is a complete explanation of the would-be murderer's action. I do not say that he had no feeling of political grievance. But I do contend that the double attraction I have mentioned would go far with him to obscure any defect in that grievance of which he might otherwise have been conscious. It would make him wish, and then it would make him believe, that the grievance was still unredressed, and that he ought to seize the most dramatic moment for avenging it.—Yours, &c.,

J. RICH ANSON.

December 30th, 1912.

AN IDIOM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As Mr. John J. Paynter points out, the expression "giving on," used of a door or window, is not an Americanism, but is a common French idiom. The Oxford English Dictionary gives English quotations for the use from 1840 onwards. The first quotation is from Theodore Hook (1840), who used the expression, with acknowledgment of its French origin. It occurs also in Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh up as a Flower" (1867), and in Lever's "Lord Kilgobbin" (1872). It is surely by now quite a recognised expression in good English.—Yours, &c.,

F. S. ARNOLD.

Dormers, Bovington, Herts.

"BOOKS THAT COUNT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have to thank your critic for his generous notice of my "Books That Count," and for the suggestions with a view to increasing the usefulness of the work.

Permit me to make one or two observations with reference to the faults of omission and commission to which your reviewer alludes. As I indicate in my preface, the note of finality must almost necessarily be absent from a work of this nature. I doubt if there are two persons in these islands who would select precisely the same books in any given section of "Books That Count." It seems to me that the compiler of such a work may congratulate himself if there are no glaring faults. Your reviewer mentions fully a dozen volumes which I shall certainly include when a second edition is called for; but the others hardly come within the scope of a book conceived on lines strictly popular and excluding from its survey voluminous and recondite works.

I will give a few examples. The fact that the scholarly edition of Pope's works by Elwin and Courthope is in ten volumes costing half a guinea each precluded any mention of that work. Dr. Holland Rose's "William Pitt and the National Revival" and "William Pitt and the Great War" constitute, as your critic most properly points out, an important biographical contribution, but they are large and fairly expensive works. Moreover, their inclusion would have conflicted with one of the main ideas of "Books that Count"—compactness. Lord Rosebery's "Life" not only fulfils this condition, but is admirably suited to the general reader. Then, again, Professor Johnston's short biography of Napoleon is admittedly a useful book, but, in my judgment, Sir John Seeley's forms the better introduction of the two. I am willing to admit also that Mrs. Frederika Macdonald's "Rousseau" is all that your reviewer claims for it, but it costs 24s., and is now difficult to procure. The latter remark also applies to A. F. Davidson's abridgement of Dumas' "Memoirs," a work published some twenty years ago. In the case of Professor Fling's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," I would urge two objections. It is planned on an elaborate scale, and it is only partially written, the published narrative covering only Mirabeau's youth. "The Life and Letters of John Lingard" is, I grant, a more important book from the literary standpoint than Mr. Harry Raymond's "Memoir of Barney Barnato," but the latter was included, not because of its literary merit, but because of the interest in the personality of its subject.

Wyon's "History of Great Britain Under the Reign of Queen Anne," I consider objectionable in every way. It is prolix, it is old-fashioned, it is without detailed contents,

and it is badly indexed. Moreover, it is difficult to obtain. Had it been in my power to include one of the more formidable works dealing with the period, I should have preferred Stanhope. I am unacquainted with M. Aulard's "The French Revolution: A Political History," and can find no reference to it in the "Reference Catalogue of Current Literature." As for Thiers's work on the same subject, it extends to five volumes. I possess a ponderous one-volume edition, dated 1877, but the type is execrable. Apart, however, from its inordinate length, Thiers's book is out of date. In "Philosophy" your critic regrets the omission of Caird's "Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant" and Harriet Martineau's "Condensation of the Positive Philosophy." The first, while a masterly survey, is too advanced and too expensive; the second extends to three volumes. Tulloch's "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century" was published so long ago as 1872, and is now scarce, while Dr. Salmon's "Introduction to the New Testament" is in a measure superseded by Professor Moffatt's brilliant work published about eighteen months ago.

Coming to "Literature," I agree that Courthope's "History of English Poetry" and Saintsbury's "History of Criticism" are works of the highest value, but their abnormal length, their style, and their price render them unsuitable for the class of readers for whom "Books That Count" is designed. It is true that a place has been found for the voluminous "Cambridge History of English Literature." That work, however, has two important advantages. It is comprehensive, and each section, being complete in itself, may be studied separately. I have only to remark further that while I have not included under "Collected Essays" those of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. J. M. Robertson's "Essays Towards a Critical Method," the former's "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" and the above-mentioned work of the latter are noticed in other sections of "Books That Count."

Once more, sir, permit me to express my best thanks to your reviewer for his kindly and really helpful criticism of my book.—Yours, &c.,

W. FORBES GRAY.

8, Mansionhouse Road, Edinburgh.

Poetry.

TWO MOODS.

I.—GREY DAYS.

My soul is heavy with the sullen pain
That consciousness but half awakened brings
Of sorrow and the secret heart of things
Throbbing throughout the world and in my brain.
And, caught within the noose my fancy flings,
I follow, will-less, in that mighty train
Of things and peoples that have been in vain,
Of vanished empires and forgotten kings,
And those great multitudes of men who sought
To build a wonder-tower which might abide
Through all vicissitudes of time and tide,
And, in a faith too all-believing, wrought
Deeds of great hardihood, and blindly died
For causes lost, and high hopes come to naught.

ROSALIND MURRAY.

II.—JOY.

Joy in my heart, like a song-bird, sings
And flits and carols the whole day long,
For there's bloom on the bough,
And there's wind in the trees,
There's sun on the seas,
And white foam at the prow;
And the joy of the world goes up in a song,
A song of delight at the beauty of things.

AGNES MURRAY.

The World of Books.

INSTEAD of our usual weekly selection of new books, we print this week a list of the more notable English books published during the past year. The guiding principle has been to include only books that are likely to be of some permanent value. Translations are excluded.

BIOGRAPHY.

- "Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell." By M. D. Petre. (Arnold. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "The Life of William Robertson Smith." By J. S. Black and G. Chrystal. (Black. 15s. net.)
- "The Personality of Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 5s. net.)
- "Letters of George Meredith." Collected and edited by his Son. (Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "Mark Twain: A Biography." By A. B. Paine. (Harper. 3 vols. 24s. net.)
- "The Abbé Sieyès." By J. H. Clapham. (P. S. King. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of Cardinal Newman." By Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
- "George Frederic Watts." By M. G. Watts. (Macmillan. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)
- "Further Reminiscences." By H. M. Hyndman. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)
- "The Life of William Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." Vol. II. 1837-1846. By W. F. Monypenny. (Murray. 12s. net.)
- "The Childhood of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Letters and Diaries." Edited by Viscount Esher. (Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
- "The Life of George Borrow." By Herbert Jenkins. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Byron." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Methuen. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "Henry Demarest Lloyd: A Biography." By C. Lloyd. (Putnam. 21s. net.)

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND POLITICS.

- "The Task of Social Hygiene." By Havelock Ellis. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Change in the Village." By George Bourne. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "A Wiltshire Village." By Alfred Williams. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
- "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)
- "The Promised Land." By Mary Antin. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Wealth and Welfare." By A. C. Pigou. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "Responsible Government in the Dominions." By A. B. Keith. (Oxford University Press. 3 vols. 42s. net.)
- "Social Evolution and Political Theory." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.)
- "Changing America." By E. A. Ross. (Unwin. 6s. 6d. net.)
- "The Decline of Aristocracy." By Arthur Ponsonby. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- "Cease Firing." By Mary Johnston. (Constable. 6s.)
- "Twixt Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 6s.)
- "Charity." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. (Lane. 6s.)
- "The Crock of Gold." By James Stephens. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- "The Charwoman's Daughter." By James Stephens. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Mrs. Lancelot." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)
- "The Reef." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 6s.)
- "The Matador of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "The Prelude to Adventure." By Hugh Walpole. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "In Accordance with the Evidence." By Oliver Onions. (Secker. 6s.)

HISTORY.

- "Wellington's Army (1809-1814)." By C. W. Oman. (Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830." By Oliver Elton. (Arnold. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition." By D. A. Winstanley. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. VIII. "The Age of Dryden." Vol. IX. "From Steele and Addison to Swift and Pope." (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net per vol.)
- "Themis: A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion." By Jane Harrison. (Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.)
- "The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century." By R. H. Tawney. (Longmans. 9s. net.)
- "A History of the Eastern Roman Empire, from the Fall of Irene to the Accession of Basil I." By J. B. Bury. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution." Vol. I. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "A History of the British Army." Vol. III. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)
- "The Minority of Henry III." By Kate Norgate. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Beginnings of Quakerism." By W. C. Braithwaite. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "Common Land and Inclosure." By E. C. K. Gonner. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland." By P. Wilson. (Maunsell. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Four Stages of Greek Religion." By Gilbert Murray. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)
- "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us." By R. W. Livingstone. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)
- "England and the Orleans Monarchy." By Major John Hall. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)
- "The Strangling of Persia." By W. Morgan Shuster. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "English Apprenticeship and Child Labor: A History." By O. J. Dunlop and R. D. Denman. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

PHILOSOPHY.

- "The Realm of Ends: or, Pluralism and Theism." By James Ward. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 2 vols. 10s. net.)
- "Essays in Radical Empiricism." By William James. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "The Principle of Individuality and Value." By B. Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church." By Yrjö Hirn. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)

POETRY.

- "The Listeners and other Poems." By Walter De La Mare. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Immanence: A Book of Verses." By Evelyn Underhill. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Gitanjali (Song Offerings)." By Rabindra Nath Tagore. (India Society. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Heralds of the Dawn." By William Watson. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Fires." By W. W. Gibson. (Mathews. 3 vols. 1s. net each.)
- "The Vigil of Venus, and other Poems." By "Q." (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Widow in the Bye Street." By John Masefield. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

TRAVEL.

- "A Modern Pilgrim in Mecca." By A. J. B. Wavell. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "South America: Observations and Impressions." By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

Reviews.

MR. KIPLING'S POETRY.

"Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling." (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.)

EVERYBODY who is older than a schoolboy remembers how Mr. Rudyard Kipling was once as modern as a Post-Impressionist is to-day. He might, indeed, have been described at the time as a Post-Imperialist. Raucous and young, he had left behind him the ornate Imperialism of Disraeli, on the one hand, and the conventional Imperialism of Tennyson, on the other. He sang of Imperialism as it was, or was about to be—vulgar and canting and bloody—and a world which was preparing itself for an Imperialism that would be vulgar and canting and bloody bade him welcome. In one breath he would give you an invocation to Jehovah. In the next, with a confidential dig in the ribs, he would be getting round the roguish side of you with the assurance that:—

"If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg behind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine."

This jumble—which seems so curious nowadays—of delight in piety and delight in twopence-colored mischiefs came as a glorious novelty and a glorious respite to the oppressed race of Victorians. Hitherto they had been building up an Empire decently and in order; no doubt, many reprehensible things were being done, but they were being done quietly: outwardly, so far as was possible, a respectable front was preserved. It was Mr. Kipling's distinction to tear off the mask of Imperialism as a useless and irritating encumbrance; he had too much sense of reality—too much humor, indeed—to want to portray Empire-builders as a company of plaster saints. Like an *enfant terrible*, he was ready to proclaim aloud a host of things which had, until then, been kept as decorously in the dark as the skeleton in the family cupboard. The thousand-and-one incidents of lust and loot, of dishonesty and brutality and drunkenness—all of those things to which builders of Empire, like many other human beings, are at times prone—he never dreamed of treating as matters to be hushed up, or, apparently, indeed, to be regretted. He accepted them quite frankly as all in the day's work; there was even a suspicion of enthusiasm in the heartiness with which he referred to them. Simple old clergymen, with a sentimental vision of an Imperialism that meant a chain of mission-stations (painted red) encircling the earth, suddenly found themselves called upon to sing a new psalm:—

"Ow, the loot!
Bloomin' loot!
That's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot!
It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you'd make 'em come again.
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! Loo! Lulu! Loot!
Whoopse! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! Loo! Lulu! Loot! Loot!
Loot!"

Frankly, we wish Mr. Kipling had always written in this strain. It might have frightened the clergymen away. Unfortunately, no sooner had he begun to make the old-fashioned among his readers show signs of nervousness than he would suddenly feel in the mood for a tune on his Old Testament harp, and, taking it down, would twang from its strings a lay of duty. "Take up," he would bid us—

"Take up the White Man's burden,
Send forth the best ye breed,
Go, bind your sons to exile,
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child."

Little Willie, in the tracts, scarcely dreamed of a thornier path of self-sacrifice. No wonder the sentimentalists were soon all dancing to the new music—music which, perhaps, had more of the harmonium than the harp in it, but was none the less suited on that account to its revivalistic purpose.

At the same time, much as we may have been attracted to Mr. Kipling in his Sabbath moods, it was with

what we may call his Saturday night moods that he first won the enthusiasm of the young men. They loved him for his bad language long before he had ever preached a sermon or written a leading article in verse. His literary adaptation of the immeasured talk of the barrack-room seemed to initiate them into a life at once more real and more adventurous than the quiet three-meals-a-day ritual of our homes. He sang of men who defied the laws of men; still more exciting, he sang of men who defied the laws of God. Every oath he loosed rang heroically in the ear like a challenge to the universe; for his characters talked in a daring, swearing fashion that was new in literature. We remember the bright-eyed enthusiasm with which very young men used to repeat to each other lines like the one in "The Ballad of 'The Bolivar,'" which runs—

"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the winches aft!"

Not that anybody knew, or cared, what "rigging the winches aft" meant. It was the familiar and fearless commerce with hell that seemed to give literature a new horizon. Similarly, it was the eternal flames in the background that made the tattered figure of Gunga Din, the water-carrier, so favorite a theme with virgins and boys. With what delight they would quote the verse:—

"So I'll meet 'im later on,
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!"

Ever since the days of Aucassin, indeed, who praised hell as the place whither were bound the men of fashion and the good scholars and the courteous fair ladies, youth has taken a strange, heretical delight in hell and damnation. Mr. Kipling offered new meats to the old taste.

"Gentlemen-rankers, out on the spree,
Damned from here to eternity,"

began to wear halos in the undergraduate imagination. Those "seven men from out of Hell" who went

"Rolling down the Ratcliff Road,
Drunk, and raising Cain,"

were men with whom youth would have rejoiced to shake hands. One even wrote bad verses oneself in those days, in which one loved to picture oneself as

"Cursed with the curse of Reuben,
Seared with the brand of Cain,"

though so far one's most desperate adventure into reality had been the consumption of a small claret hot with a slice of lemon in it in a back-street public-house. Thus Mr. Kipling brought a new violence and wonder, a sort of debased Byronism, into the imagination of youth; at least, he put a crown upon the violence and wonder which youth had long previously discovered for itself in penny dreadfuls and in its rebellion against conventions and orthodoxies.

It may be protested, however, that we have given an incomplete account of Mr. Kipling's genius as a poet—his happier genius as a prose-writer we have, of course, made no pretence to estimate. He does something more in his verse, it may be urged, than drone on the harmonium of Imperialism, and transmute the language of the Ratcliff Road into polite literature. That is quite true. He owes his fame partly also to the brilliance with which he talked adventure and talked "shop" to a generation that was exceptionally greedy for both. He, more than any other writer of his time, set to banjo-music the restlessness of the young man who would not stay at home—the romance of the man who lived and labored at least a thousand miles away from the home of his fathers. He excited the imagination of youth with deft questions like—

"Do you know the pile-built village, where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?"

If you did not know all about the sago-dealers and the fish and the wet bamboo, Mr. Kipling had a way of making you feel horribly ignorant; and the moral of your ignorance always was that you must "go—go—go away from here." Hence an immense increase in the number of passages booked to the colonies. Mr. Kipling, in his verse, simply acted as a gorgeous poster-artist of Empire. And even those of us who resisted his call to adventure were hypnotised by his easy and lavish manner of talking "shop." He could talk the "shop" of the army, the sea, the engine-room, the art-school,

the charwoman; he was a perfect young Bacon of omniscience. How we thrilled at the unintelligible jingle of the "Anchor Song," with its cunning blend of "shop" and adventure:—

"Heh! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her!
Handsome to the cathead, now! O tally on the fall!
Stop, seize, and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.
Up, well up, the fluke of her, and inboard haul!

Well, ah, fare you well for the Channel wind's took hold of us,
Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free,
And its blowing up for night,
And she's dropping light on light,
And she's snorting and she's snatching for a breath of open sea."

The worst of Mr. Kipling is that, in verse like this, he is not only omniscient; he is knowing. He mistakes knowingness for knowledge. He even mistakes it for wisdom at times, as when he writes, not of ships, but of women. His knowing attitude to women makes some of his verse—not very much, to be quite fair—absolutely detestable. "The Ladies" seems to us the commonest poem written by a man of genius in our time. As we read it, we feel how right Oscar Wilde was when he said that Mr. Kipling had seen many strange things through keyholes. Mr. Kipling's defenders may reply that, in poems like this, he is merely dramatising the point of view of the barrack-room. But we doubt whether the barrack-room can be held responsible for the cynical, and what we must call the low, view of women which appears here and there in the author's verse. We are conscious of a kind of malign cynicism in Mr. Kipling's own attitude, as we read "The Young British Soldier," with a verse like—

"If your wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my oath!—
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for them both,
And you're shut o' the curse of a soldier."

That seems to us fairly to represent the level of Mr. Kipling's poetic wisdom in regard to the relations between the sexes. It is the logical result of the keyhole view of life. And, similarly, his Imperialism seems to us a mean and miserable thing because it is the result of a keyhole view of humanity. Spiritually, Mr. Kipling may be said to have seen thousands of miles and thousands of places through keyholes. In him, wide wanderings have produced the narrow vision, and an Empire has become as petty a thing as the hoard in a miser's garret. Many of his poems are simply miser's shrieks when the hoard seems to be threatened. He cannot even praise the flag of his country without a shrill note of malice:—

"Winds of the world, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?
The poor little street-bred people, that vapor, and fume, and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness, to yelp at the English flag!"

The truth is, Mr. Kipling has put the worst of his genius into his poetry. His verses have brazen "go" and lively color and something of the music of travel; but they are too illiberal, too snappish, too knowing, to afford deep or permanent pleasure to the human spirit.

MEN AND MANNERS IN PARLIAMENT.

"Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons." By the late Right Hon. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. Edited by his SON. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The House of Commons from Within, and other Memories." By the Right Hon. ROBERT FARQUHARSON. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)

ASKED for his impressions of the first Reform Parliament, the Duke of Wellington replied that he had never seen so many shocking bad hats in his life. Later revolutions have tended to aggravate the evil. After all, as the Eton boy acknowledged, it is not the clothes that make the gentleman—it is the hat. Since 1832 the hats of Parliament have gone from bad to worse, and what that implies may be read in the fascinating yet disillusioned pages of these two memoirists of the old school. On the whole, Dr. Farquharson's is the less unflattering narrative. Here and there one catches in it reassuring whispers of a civilisation not yet extinct, handed down to our own time by the pious repositories of the "best club in London" tradition. And,

at the worst, Dr. Farquharson's barbarians and persecutors are merely faddists and cranks, tiresome persons who had the bad taste to be in earnest about things, plaguey Socialists and pushing Labor men—in short, all that menagerie of gloomy and unresting fanatics whose zeal "contributes largely to the utter discouragement and despondency which seizes the new member." Here, at least, we see ourselves advanced beyond the bad hat stage, successive revolutions having so far done their work that the historian of 1912 can look back unmoved at changes and upheavals in the social fabric of Parliament, which in their beginnings had stirred the diarist of 1887 to agonised protests in the name of respectability. "All the leading Liberals and Conservatives voted in the same lobby," notes Sir Richard Temple of one occasion in the session of 1887, "a respectable, even a distinguished set. In the other lobby were a small scratch lot of about eighty, consisting of pestilent English members, Scotch Radicals, and a few treasonous Irish." Who pines to be "respectable" nowadays? Who at least is there with the simple courage that enabled Sir Richard Temple to write himself down twenty-five years ago as among the men on both sides above the gangway who comprised "all the respectabilities"?

And were they really so superior, the "respectabilities" of that epoch? We know what Parliament is now, how on occasion members shout one another down, how debate is stifled, how, as Sir Edward Carson is always reminding us, whole clauses of a Bill are guillotined as soon as looked at. What has 1887 to say to 1912 on such traits of modern degeneracy? On June 17th, in the former year, Mr. W. H. Smith invoked his famous closure on the Irish Crimes Bill (the sixth clause being then still in Committee), by virtue of which the remainder of the Bill, or fourteen more clauses, were passed in one night without a word of comment. "They talk of tyranny on our part," observes the diarist, his conscience a little troubled, "but it is we who are obliged by an effort to shake off their tyranny over us." Certainly this was something like a closure. Its first effect was to drive every Liberal and Nationalist out of the House by way of united protest.

"So as the Conservative benches were much overcrowded (proceeds the diarist) our men crossed the floor and sat down in smart evening costumes, amidst much laughter, on the seats usually occupied by grave and dingy-looking Radicals and blatant Irish. Then the Chairman put Clause 7. We all shouted 'Aye,' and there was no responsive 'No.' Next he put Clause 8, and so on, to the final Clause 20. In a moment we learnt to shout 'Aye' all together, just like a volley, in precise time, and so the House resounded again. The scene to the spectators up in the galleries must have been strange and interesting. Thus within a few minutes the whole Bill was passed through Committee. By twenty minutes past ten the Committee's work was over, and the Speaker was sent for. We cheered much as he ascended the throne and as the Chairman reported to him that the Bill was passed through Committee."

Moreover, if they knew how to closure by wholesale twenty-five years ago, they were equally expert in the use of the closure in detail, more particularly that informal kind of closure which consists in howling down your opponents. Only, in 1887 it was not the minority, as in our day, but the majority that employed this weapon. Again and again, in Sir Richard Temple's vivacious and ingenuous pages, we come across some description of how this horrid Radical, or that obnoxious Nationalist, was thus disciplined by an organised Unionist chorus. Even the "respectabilities" had occasionally to be taught a lesson. "After Sir William Harcourt's behavior to our people the other night"—the swashbuckler had been swashbuckling—"the Conservatives marked their sense of his conduct by walking out of the House"—that is, while he was again swashbuckling. Similar retribution was visited on Lord Randolph Churchill after his withdrawal from the Cabinet, and it is interesting to find that, about a year earlier in that short-lived career, Conservatism had been deeply shocked by the Randolphian jingle, lately revived by smaller men: "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right."

"Churchill's speech answering the attack made on him by Sir Henry James and others about inciting Ulster to fight was deeply regretted by many Conservatives; first, on account of the doctrine as to justification of rebellion which it embodied, and also because it made for a breach with James."

Even so, those petulant children of the late Victorian era might have devised some worthier method of exhibiting

their spleen than that of walking out, which seems, indeed, to have been their resource for any and every emergency, petty or historic. Nor were they any better in their business arrangements. Of an ordinary sitting on March 3rd, 1886, we read that up to ten o'clock at night not a scrap of business had been done, owing to the precedence then enjoyed (and continued down to about ten years ago) by Private Bill legislation. Perhaps they had an advantage over the present generation in the greater ease with which they could raise impromptu discussions on motions for adjournment, and there is no doubt that an effective public safeguard was weakened by Mr. Balfour when he curtailed the privilege of an unlimited day-by-day interrogation of Ministers. "It is surprising," testifies Sir Richard Temple, "what a check the power of questioning gives the House of Commons over the Executive of the day." "Question time," says Dr. Farquharson, seasoning his testimony with an agreeable pinch of cynicism, "is a real godsend to the private member, for not only can he advertise himself at this time, but more abuses have been prevented, jobs checked, and acts of oppression and violence both at home and abroad scotched and killed by this than by any other means." Like most of the other privileges once enjoyed by the unofficial member, the right of unlimited interrogation was destroyed by abuse, and virtually all such abuses, together with all their consequential restrictions, may be traced to incidents in the protracted resistance of successive Parliaments to Home Rule. When Harcourt taunted W. H. Smith, in 1887, with maintaining and extending the principle of closure, although it had been so bitterly opposed by the Conservatives in the earlier 'eighties, he was met by the familiar reply that circumstances had altered, and in nothing so much as in the great accession of Irish strength after the election of 1885.

All the sketches of personalities in Sir Richard Temple's Diary are interesting, not least those in which he boldly affirms his preference for such spacious orators as Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Chaplin (happily still with us), and Sir Henry Fowler over Mr. Gladstone. "I protest against the admiration of Gladstone's oratory," he says, "except occasionally." After so disconcerting a revelation of the observer's taste and critical acumen, it is with surprise, as well as pleasure, that one notes the penetration and shrewdness of his comments on other figures of his period. Thus, albeit in a sketchy and light vein, nothing more suggestive of its subject has been done than his notes on the contemporary Mr. Healy—the "Tiger Tim" of twenty-five years ago. An early impression of Mr. Asquith, too, shows insight and intellectual fairness, tempered, to be sure, by a certain regretfulness at the dedication of such a mind to such a cause. "A firm, resolute person, and (apart from those factious prejudices with which he is imbued, possibly from childhood) honest, honorable, and consistent. . . . In answering Parliamentary questions day by day he has not, in my time, been surpassed by any Minister." Firm and resolute himself, Sir Richard probably brought more appreciation to that sort of character than he could command for the more sinuous type of political mind. To him Gladstone was a mere ranting and raving actor, and, priceless as it is, his first recorded impression of Mr. Balfour reads to-day like a piece of ingenious irony:—

"Balfour's appointment as Chief Secretary (March, 1887) has been a surprise and causes people to talk of the charmed circle. Still, the Scotch law officers, who ought to know, say that Balfour is a very good official, and manages the Skye crofter disputes very well."

If only for revealing to us such inimitable touches of sober wildness as that—a slight contemporary platitude transformed by time into a rich-veined paradox—the present Sir Richard Temple would be entitled to general gratitude for this further admirably edited selection from his distinguished father's Parliamentary Diaries.

NEW GREECE.

"Greece of the Twentieth Century." By PERCY F. MARTIN. With a Preface by Professor ANDRÉ ANDREADES. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

THE marvellous events of the last two months have opened the eyes of the Western public to the new life which has

arisen among the regenerated nations of the Near East. Those who had followed Greek affairs closely were, of course, aware that the Greece of M. Venizélos was far stronger, far surer of herself, far better organised, and no less patriotic than the Greece of a few years ago. But to the ordinary politician the war with its striking results came as a revelation; indeed, the Foreign Minister of a certain Great Power, supposed to be well informed about the Balkan States, prophesied to a friend of the writer on the eve of the Balkan War, that "the Turks would beat the Greek and Servian armies!" With such wisdom is the world governed!

For the public, then, anxious for information about the vigorous and victorious State which has avenged Domokós in the bloody defile of Sarantáporos, has seen its fleet absolute mistress of the Ægean, and has sent its armies through the streets of Salonika, the present book should be very useful. Mr. Martin, hitherto chiefly known as a writer on Latin America, treats mainly of the economic and financial basis of the Greek kingdom. His work should, therefore, be compared with Mr. Bickford-Smith's similar treatise, "Greece under King George," published nineteen years ago. Anyone who examines the tables of statistics and the economic facts displayed by these two painstaking writers, can see for himself how great has been the advance in that time, very short in the life of a nation, and can forecast what will be the development of the redeemed territories, from which the long night of Turkish apathy and misgovernment has at last been dispelled. There is now, after centuries of maladministration by the Turks, and decades of muddling by the Powers, every hope that some of the fairest lands in Europe will be fairly governed by those most competent to manage their own affairs, the Balkan peoples themselves.

Mr. Martin, writing shortly before the war began, shows us unconsciously—and his account is, therefore, all the more valuable—how Greece was prepared for the struggle. He tells us of order introduced into her finances, of the reduction of the exchange to par, of the re-introduction of a silver currency, of the organisation of the army and navy with the co-operation of French and British missions, of the diligent military studies of the Crown Prince, of the extension of the railway system to the frontier. King George last spring expressed to the present writer his hope that the fifty miles of line, alone needed to unite the terminus near Tempe with the Macedonian railway, would be speedily made. One of the results of the victory will be that Greece, mistress of the tract of territory between the old frontier and Salonika, will be able to proceed immediately with this important work, and thus procure for herself the long-desired railway communication with the rest of the world. That question, like so many others, has been settled on the field of battle.

Professor Andréades, the well-known Hellenic historian of the Bank of England, sums up in his excellent introduction the chief reforms of the new régime:—

"Military officers have now been excluded from sitting in Parliament; all the Government services have been arranged in 'classified sections,' the functionaries are appointed by direct competition, and are entirely independent of favoritism or political preferment; magistrates and judges are irremovable, and their remuneration has been considerably augmented; . . . a Minister of Financial Economy, Agriculture, and Commerce has been appointed."

Of these changes, the result of the revised Constitution of 1911, Mr. Martin has something to say, for his book is not exclusively economic. But his account of Greek politics is marred by some minor errors. Mr. Rhálles has been four times, and not thrice, Premier (p. 60); the author's dates are occasionally confused (p. 53), owing to his apparent use of the Old Style; and he does not clearly explain to the British reader, who has no guide in this matter except the newspaper files, the origin, aims, and results of the movement of August, 1909, which was generally misinterpreted abroad. From his list of newspapers there is one notable omission, the "Néa Heméra," transferred from Trieste to Athens in the sixtieth year of its existence. A few other slips might be corrected in a new edition. Thus inland Kalabaka is not "the port" (p. 351) of anywhere; Néa Psará is not an "island," but the modern name of Erétria, so-called because the Psariotes migrated thither

in 1821. Corfu and Cephalonia cannot both be "the largest of the Ionian Islands" (pp. 357, 365); while Andros should be exempted from the description of the Cyclades as lacking in water. The Marchese Carlotti di Riparbella, whose name is incorrectly spelt on page 78, is no longer Italian Minister at Athens. Occasional Americanisms, such as "this side" (p. 88) and "Britisher," betray a lengthy residence beyond the Atlantic.

A feature of the book is the admirable series of portraits of Greek public men, among them that of the eminent statesman of whom it was prophesied, six years ago, that, "if he collaborated with the dynasty, he would prove to be the maker of Greater Greece"—a condition and a prophecy both happily fulfilled.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BY-WAYS.

"At Prior Park, and Other Papers." By AUSTIN DOBSON. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

WE sometimes wonder whether if Mr. Austin Dobson were suddenly transported into the eighteenth century he would not at once feel more at home there and meet more people with whom he is acquainted than he does in the twentieth. Certainly his knowledge of its men and women is unequalled. He can tell us what Peg Woffington wore when she made her *début* at the Dublin Theatre Royal in the part of Ophelia; catalogue the volumes on Johnson's bookshelves; descant upon the topography of "Humphry Clinker"; allow us to hear Richardson reading "Grandison" to a circle of favored ladies at Fulham; or show us Ralph Allen entertaining Pope and Pitt and other distinguished guests at Prior Park, near Bath. This latter word-picture is to be found in the latest of the long series of volumes which Mr. Dobson has devoted to the eighteenth century. Its title is taken from the mansion which Ralph Allen had built to prove the virtues of the famous Bath stone in the quarries of which he was then interested. Allen is, of course, the Squire Allworthy of "Tom Jones" and the hero of Pope's tactless couplet,

"Let low-born Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Some of the money which Pope dispensed in charity was really provided by Allen, and poet and philanthropist exchanged visits at Prior Park and Twickenham. Even Mr. Dobson's industry has not been able to unearth the precise cause of the quarrel between the two which took place during one of these Bath visits. All we know is that Martha Blount—who seems to have been rather a difficult guest—had something to do with it, and that the irritable little poet left in a hurry, after suddenly discovering that Mrs. Allen was "an impertinent minx," and Warburton, who was also implicated, "a sneaking parson."

We leave Prior Park for Strawberry Hill, where Mr. Dobson points out to us a drawing of "a young aristocratic-looking woman, in the 'robe rayée' of the period," presenting a doll to "an old lady in a frilled hood-cap, who, seated in a high chair, and with closed eyes, was raising her hands to receive it." The young woman is the Duchesse de Choiseul, and the other is no less a personage than Walpole's correspondent, Madame du Deffand, then more than seventy years old, while the artist is Carmontelle, for a brief space "Ordonnateur des fêtes en général" to the Duke of Orléans, and the painter of the "Ombres Chinoises," or transparencies, which amused the early years of Philippe Egalité, and set all Paris talking. Carmontelle's more serious work is well worth attention, as is also that of Philip de Loutherbourg, another artist whose story Mr. Dobson tells.

But the most interesting of the essays in the collection is that entitled "A Fielding 'Find.'" Most of Fielding's letters were destroyed early in the nineteenth century, but two of the last, if not the latest, that he wrote have luckily been brought to light, and with their help Mr. Dobson is able to give us some account of Fielding's last days in Lisbon. Fielding, as readers of the "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon" will recollect, set out from England to Portugal in search of health in 1754, when he was so enfeebled by disease that he had to be hoisted like a dead weight over

the ship's side at Rotherhithe, and his appearance was so ghastly that it frightened women. Not much has been known of the two months that Fielding spent in Lisbon before his death, and these two letters supplement our scanty information. The first of the two is written from Tor Bay to his brother, John, to whom he imparts the information that he has "here the finest of Fish, Turbot, vast Soals, and Whittings for less than you can eat Plaise in Middlesex"; and he adds characteristically that "Lord Cromarty's Banishment from Scotland hither was less cruel than that of Ovid from Rome to Pontus." The second and more important letter was despatched from Lisbon, "the dearest City in the World," where Fielding found himself with "neither Acquaintance nor Credit, among a Set of People who are tearing one another's Souls out for money and ready to deposit Millions with Security but not a Farthing without." Besides this, Mrs. Fielding was ill and home-sick; the footman, William, had run away; and Margaret Collier, having become a "Toast of Lisbon," was giving no end of trouble. "By these means," says Fielding, "my Spirits, which were at the Top of the House, are thrown down into the Cellar." He lacks too "a conversible man" to be his companion in the evening; but the picture is not wholly dark, for he has now vigor and elasticity in his limbs, and can get easily in and out of a carriage. Later experience proves that Lisbon is not so dear as he had imagined. He thinks that his affairs will soon "be in a fine Posture," for he can live in the city and even make a figure for next to nothing. The rest of the letter is concerned with the despatch of some provisions that he needs, though a postscript gives some advice concerning the peccant William. Thus the curtain falls upon Fielding. Of the couple of weeks that elapsed until his death we know practically nothing, but it is a satisfaction to see him writing with the old cheeriness and the old courage amid surroundings that would have quelled many a stout heart.

THE MYCENÆAN AGE IN IRELAND.

"New Grange (Brugh-na-Boinne) and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland." The Influence of Crete and the Ægean in the extreme West of Europe in Early Times. By GEORGE COFFEY. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis. 6s. net.)

IN the eyes of most people who are not Irish, and of a good many people who are, the Boyne is a peculiarly Orange and anti-Hibernian river. To the archaeologist, however, the valley of the Boyne is one of the treasure-territories of Ireland. It, more than any other place, indeed, is the visible fountain and origin of Irish national art. Traditional literature has always assigned to this district the honor of being the burial-place of the ancient Kings of Ireland; and Mr. George Coffey, the learned keeper of the Irish antiquities in the Kildare Street Museum, affirms in the present volume that "we may at least infer that the district of Brugh was used for the Kings of Tara until the introduction of Christianity, and that it was then abandoned." It is the spiral and other carvings on the monuments at New Grange that have led Mr. Coffey to see in it the rude home of Irish art and Irish architecture. Certainly these spiral forms have always been of the very essence of Irish decorative art—these and the later Byzantine interlacings. Nowadays, we are asked to see in the spiral decorations and concentric circles of New Grange relics of the far wanderings of the civilisation of Crete—of the men of the Mycenaean period who had reached the shores of the Baltic in their search for amber sixteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. The questions at what date and by what route these first Imperialists of Europe, or, at least, their pupils, arrived in Ireland are as yet impossible to answer. Who knows, however, when a Schliemann or an Evans may discover in the graves of the Boyne as wonderful clues to what has been called pre-history as have been discovered in the graves of Mycenæ and of Crete?

Mr. Coffey, in the present work, gives an exciting and detailed description of the sites and ornamentations of the incised tumuli at New Grange and in other parts of Ireland; exciting, we mean, to the archaeologist—to the student to whom the discovery of a crude ship-form carved on an ancient stone opens a door for the imagination into the

history of an age. By writing this volume, and by his previous descriptive book on the Irish antiquities in the museum at Dublin, he has done a service to his time. He has mapped, as it were, new territories of knowledge. By doing so, he has won for himself a place of distinction on that roll of Irish antiquaries which contains the memorable names of Petrie, O'Donovan, and Wilde. In regard to the route by which the Mycenaean art-forms came into Ireland, it is interesting to note, Mr. Coffey takes a strong line of opposition to so great an authority as Sir Arthur Evans. "It is an English prejudice," observes Mr. Coffey, "to regard all Continental influences as coming to Ireland through France and England." He points very aptly to the fact that, both in Great Britain and in Ireland, the great majority of spiral-forms are to be found towards the North, and from this he infers that "the Mycenaean influence came to Ireland by Scandinavia, having first reached the Baltic."

The subject is a most fascinating one, and Mr. Coffey has treated it with scholarly fulness and care. The illustrations to his book deserve the highest praise: they are both numerous and useful.

TWO AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

"The Reef." By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"The Financier." By THEODORE DREISER. (Harpers. 6s.)

"Is it anything to be proud of, to know so little of the strings that pull us?" asks Darrow, the hero of "The Reef," and Mrs. Wharton's searching exploration of the intricacies and darkens of the heart of her heroine, Anna, answers his question. Anna is indeed an admirable figure, perhaps the finest study of feminine instinct her accomplished creator has achieved. Yet neither Anna, nor Darrow, nor Owen, nor Sophy Viner, the four people who enact this moving love drama, stand out sharply defined characters behind the diaphanous curtain of the author's introspective method. It is the defect of this American School of fiction that the characters think and feel and act less as individuals than as social types whose features are struck each from a general mould. Anna's, indeed, is the voice of a lady who has no exact counterpart; but Darrow, in his blend of masculine and feminine qualities, is too much the perfect pattern of a woman's hero—a modern Sir Charles Grandison. It is perhaps a little unfair to complain that he always behaves with polished propriety under the most trying circumstances, but he is over-richly endowed with the gift of tactful sympathy—a gift which lands him in a situation high irreparable.

What that situation is, and how Darrow, the persevering suitor of the beautiful, hesitating widow, Mrs. Anna Leath, assuages his exasperation in befriending the lonely girl, Miss Sophy Viner, who is his fellow-companion on a night-journey to Paris, and what is the sequel of his natural chivalry, Mrs. Wharton takes eighty pages to unfold. Admirable is the study of the fleeting contact between the man and girl, which results in true passion on her side, and his discovery—a little late—that there is nothing to match it on his. They part, after a week's *liaison*, apparently for good and all; but Fate is not so easily placated when a woman is weighing a man's love in the balance, and when Darrow next arrives at Givré, now betrothed to Anna Leath, it is to find Sophy Viner installed there as her little daughter's governess. It is a situation cruelly embarrassing to a man who has been led into a false position more by sympathy than by weakness, and the turn of the screw comes when Darrow learns that Mrs. Leath's stepson, Owen, is engaged to Sophy Viner. The situation is morally an ugly one; for Darrow, in honor and interest, is pledged to silence as to his past *liaison*; yet this silence borders on a tacit intrigue against Anna, the woman he is to marry. Miss Viner, while not exactly treated as an adventuress by the ladies of the Givré household, is under the cloud of their feminine apprehensions; and Darrow, on his admission that he has met her before in London, is called in as arbiter of her destiny. It is Miss Viner's wish to serve Darrow's interests that prompts her now to give up Owen

and disappear from Givré; but this step awakens Anna's suspicions, and she begins to ponder and probe and cross-examine, till at length she holds fast the clues of Darrow's fleeting intrigue. Finely wrought as are these scenes of feminine plot and subterfuge, they are transcended by the *finale*, where we see Anna racked by an agony of jealousy. Mrs. Wharton's touch is here beautifully sure, and the conflict in Anna's heart between her fierce longing to be everything to her lover and her confused instinct to send him away and attain her old peace, is flawless in psychological verity. She keeps him, and the novel ends with Anna's last reaction and her abortive attempt to show herself as magnanimous as her rival, and give Darrow up, even though it will benefit nobody—in the ironical scene where she learns that poor Sophy has sailed for India with her terrible old employer, Mrs. Murrett.

In "The Financier," Mr. Dreiser has produced a work which is rather a sociological study than a novel proper. All that the modern American intelligence craves for is here—information, solid, copious, and authoritative, yet clearly and picturesquely dispensed in a form that will attract and hold the average citizen. The tale of Frank Cowperwood's business abilities as a boy, of his youthful speculations, his intense interest in the details of finance, his power of seizing favorable opportunities and forecasting the trend of the markets; of his success in the grain business and brokering, of his clever handling of other men, his growing relations with the political bosses and money magnates—all this and many matters germane are most lucidly and convincingly set forth with great wealth and exactness of detail. We are always interested, and never stirred, by the steady stream of the drama, not even when Cowperwood's irregular relations with the daughter of one of the most powerful political bosses of Philadelphia lead to his prosecution by his enemies, and to his imprisonment for his very doubtful jugglings with the funds of the various State banks, which have been illegally loaned him. The details of Cowperwood's financial embarrassments, owing to the great Chicago fire, are exact and comprehensive enough to satisfy a jury of Stock Exchange experts. And the section of the book which unfolds the particulars of the financier's imprisonment in the State penitentiary would command the respect of any Prison Commissioner. The novel, in fact, is a monument of amazing insight and erudition, and, as a specimen of its class, it could scarcely be bettered. Artistically, it is a work of no particular originality. But to read its 780 close-packed pages is a liberal education for those who prefer sociological documents in fiction to the productions of genuine artists, who are ever deficient in the power of amassing and giving forth exact, encyclopædic information.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford." By STEPHEN PAGET and J. M. C. CRUM. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

THE late Bishop Paget was a good example of the successful but not very distinguished bishop whose existence makes the Anglican Church what it is. The son of Sir James Paget, he began at Shrewsbury as a "painstaking and conscientious plodder," to quote the opinion of one of his masters, but eventually became a sound classical scholar. He was elected to a Senior Studentship at Christ Church in 1874, and except for two years' work in a parish, the next thirty-seven years of his life were spent there. He succeeded Bishop King as Professor of Pastoral Theology on the appointment of the latter to Lincoln, and after holding the Deanery of Christ Church for seven years, he became Bishop of Oxford in 1902. It is a record of uniform and deserved success, though the death of his wife in 1900 was very keenly felt, and was, in part, the cause of his exchanging the congenial life at Christ Church for the more laborious and exacting task which he took up at Cuddesdon. Paget contributed little to English theology. He edited Hooker, or rather re-edited Keble's edition, and published a couple of volumes of sermons, one of them containing an introductory essay on "accidie," or the monastic sin of gloom and despondency, which was widely read. Perhaps the action in

his episcopal career that aroused most comment was his acceptance of a place on the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline. In this, as in nearly everything else, he took a moderate course, and it was this avoidance of extremes that made him that bulwark of Anglicanism, "a good working bishop." In temperament, Paget inclined to austerity, and he certainly judged himself by an exacting standard. He was quick to see the virtues of others, and he had a great admiration for Archbishop Davidson, who, he wrote, "bears his great load so gallantly, with so ready a heart for kindness and sympathy, and so clear and steady a head." This biography, the combined work of Bishop Paget's brother and son-in-law, is written with a good deal of charm, and will be read with special pleasure by Paget's old pupils and friends.

* * *

"John and Irene." By W. H. BEVERIDGE. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. BEVERIDGE's book has what is in these days the distinguishing merit of novelty, and the puzzled reviewer is at a loss whether to describe it as a romance incorporated into an anthology or an anthology composed in the form of a romance. The introduction presents John to us at the critical moment when he is "just leaving the University for the Settlement," and in doubt whether a seat on the London County Council or a History of Persian Art will be the focus of his intellectual efforts. In a word, John is a prig when Irene enters his life, and it need hardly be said that he complacently embarks on the task of widening her intellectual horizon and instructing her on the proper attitude of woman towards contemporary civilisation. He is too prudent, indeed, to lead her to the hill-tops of advanced thought upon the subject, but after browsing for a time on the lower slopes, Irene mounts to an atmosphere which John's lungs find a difficulty in breathing, and the end of the introduction shows us John deprived of Irene and gazing on the heap of ashes that was once a volume of Mr. Bernard Shaw. The remainder of the book is a sort of chorus to the burden of the narrative in the introduction, selected from a mass of writers who have nothing in common save a common interest in Woman. Esdras and Lafcadio Hearn, the Board of Trade "Report on Earnings and Hours in 1906," and Miss Marie Corelli, Gregory of Tours and Nietzsche, are among the company by whose aid we follow and comment upon the progress of John's instruction of Irene, her too rapid absorption of the instruction, her wayward logic in going farther along the road than her mentor intended, her revolt and desertion, and John's convalescence. The reader will see from this description that Mr. Beveridge has compiled a book of quite an unusual type. It remains only to add that his extracts are taken from an astonishingly wide range of books, that they are happily chosen, and that they are grouped with considerable skill and no small humor.

* * *

"Marshal Ney: The Bravest of the Brave." By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ATTERIDGE gives a great deal of attention to the strategy of the campaigns in which Ney took part, and for this reason his book ought to be useful to readers interested in military problems. But he does not neglect the picturesque side of the career of the cooper's apprentice whose sword made him a Marshal of France and a Prince in Napoleon's military aristocracy. Ney's greatest achievement was in the Russian campaign, when he saved the remnant of the Third Corps, and won from the Emperor the title "bravest of the brave." But the service thus rendered to Napoleon was more than counter-balanced in the following year, when, in complete disregard of orders, he failed to press the attack on Kleist, and thus saved the allies at Bautzen from the disaster Napoleon had prepared for them. From Ney's failure to carry out Napoleon's plan upon this occasion, says Mr. Atteridge, "dates the beginning of the final stage of the Emperor's downfall." Though some share of the blame for his indecision at Quatre Bras must be attributed to D'Erlon, Ney had evidently lost his old dash and coolness in action. Ney's execution, after Waterloo, was, as Mr. Atteridge says, "less of an act of justice than a deed of vengeance," and it helped to sap the throne of the Bourbons. His career, from beginning to end, was full of

brilliant incidents, and these are well told by Mr. Atteridge in the present volume.

* * *

"The Ridge of the White Waters." By WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY. (Stanley Paul. 6s. net.)

MR. SCULLY's book leaves us with a wish for more on the same subject from the same pen. We can conceive this author doing for the mining population of the Rand very much what Mr. Upton Sinclair did for the industrial population of Chicago, for he has a very similar gift for making his facts "tell," though he does not use the medium of the novel. Brief and, one might say, elementary as this volume is, it suffices to show that Johannesburg is a problem to which United South Africa will soon have to pay very urgent attention. The main questions with which Mr. Scully concerns himself are two: first, whether the gold-mining of the Rand is an industry that is beneficial to the community; and, secondly, whether, in view of the actual present value of the mines, that industry can last very much longer. To the first of these questions he replies with a forcible criticism of the labor conditions, which struck him as far from satisfactory, in spite of the elaborate official machinery that has been invented to check abuses. Phthisis, caused by dust working into the system, claims a huge percentage of victims among the underground workers. The mortality is greater among the whites than the blacks, the reason being that the native, after a spell of work, insists on returning to his kraal in the country for a spell of recuperation. The deaths from accidents are also much too frequent. Here it would seem that the system of inspectorship is deficient, if not actually corrupt. The cry on the Rand at present is economy in working expenses, and it is cheaper to pay the apparently trifling compensations demanded occasionally than to spend money on repairs. Moreover, the indications are that as lower and lower levels, and less paying ore, are reached this determination to economise at any cost to human life will become stronger. Already there is talk of the possibility of obtaining cheaper labor, of re-importing the Chinese, even of another "peaceful penetration," this time into Basutoland, in order that the Basutos, dispossessed of their country, may become unwilling slaves. Indeed, if we may credit Mr. Scully, the future of the mines, as paying propositions, rests entirely on these sinister hopes and on that of the invention of some new and economical machinery. We hope this book will be widely read, as it deserves to be. Mr. Scully, when he made his tour, was no stranger to South Africa; he was there—a pioneer—nearly forty years ago, when the Witwatersrand was in truth "the ridge of the white waters," and his words carry the weight of one who knew the country as it was, and knows it as it is. Nor are his facts and deductions less cogent because in places they are very amusingly set forth.

* * *

The Monthly Reviews.

THE Balkan question occupies a good deal of space in the monthly reviews for January. Mr. Henry W. Nevins contributes a valuable article on "The Causes of Victory and the Spoils" and Lady Frederick Cavendish one on "The Peril of Armenia" to "The Contemporary Review"; "The Nineteenth Century" contains "Personal Observations during the Balkan War" by Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, M.P., and Mr. E. N. Bennett, and an article on the prospects of peace by Mr. G. F. Abbott; while "The Fortnightly" gives a discussion of "The Peace Conference and the Balance of Power" by Mr. Ellis Barker, "An Englishman in Montenegro" by Mr. Roy Trevor, and "A Captured War Correspondent" by Mr. Angus Hamilton. Other political articles of interest are a symposium on "The Future of Ireland" by Lord Dunraven, Professor J. H. Morgan, and Mr. Maurice Woods in "The Nineteenth Century," "The Government of a Great City" by Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., and "The Abolition of the Russian 'Mir'" by Mr. Boris Lebedeff in "The Contemporary," and "The Present Aspect of National Defence" by Earl Percy in "The National Review." The literary articles of the month include "Alfred de Vigny on Genius and Woman" by Professor Gerthwohl in "The Fortnightly," and "Style in English Literature" by Professor Tyrrell and "Some Thoughts about the Novel" by Mrs. Frederic Harrison in "The Nineteenth Century."

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He has also published a new novel entitled "*THE ARM-CHAIR AT THE INN*," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Readers of "*Kennedy Square*" and "*The Fortunes of Oliver Horne*" will recognise this new book as the most characteristic Hopkinson Smith novel. The author has a power of depicting big human characters, and this new love story is indeed one that will thrill everybody. The setting is in a charming and famous old Normandy Inn, and this book is illustrated by the author. Both volumes are published at 6s.

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Midland Deferred	69½	72½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	56½	58½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101	101½
Union Pacific	162½	166½
Russian 5 p.c., 1896	102½	103½
Turkish Unified	85	86½

THE Stock Exchange has opened the New Year in good spirits. It is sanguine now that peace will be established, and it ignores the tremendous demands which are about to be made upon the London Capital Market by China and Brazil, by the Colonies, by the Balkan States, by Turkey, and possibly also by Russia and Japan. Foreign and Colonial municipalities are coming here more and more insistently for money, and are offering higher and higher rates. Thursday's Bank Return looked very unfavorable, because Christmas cash had not returned from the country. But good judges think that rates in the Discount Market will gradually come down if the peace negotiations come to a satisfactory close. British trade, to judge by the newspapers, is still at "concert pitch" in nearly all branches.

HOME RAILS.

At this time of year the Home Railway Market is usually full of anxious expectation, and the financial newspapers publish elaborate estimates of the probable dividends. This year, however, the market shows few signs of animation, and of dividend estimates there are none. In the ordinary way, guesses at working expenses may be made with some chance of accuracy; but in the present instance so many factors intrude that it is very hard to say by how much the general level of working expenses will be higher, and as in the case of individual lines the influences are not uniform, no prophet who values his reputation will run the risk of making any estimate. One thing, however, which stands out boldly is the enormous increase in gross receipts scored by almost every company in the half-year just closed. The half-year, of course, compares with that of 1911, when the railway strike disorganised working; but the traffics do not compare with a bad half-year by any means. By the end of 1911 all the great systems had good increases, but in many cases the results were spoilt by the rise in working expenses. General comparisons are impossible this year, because some of the lines gave increases of wages at once, while others waited for the end of the year. It may not be an unfair assumption that the companies which last year showed big increases in expenditure will escape more lightly than those which saved a large proportion of the gross increases last year. The following table sets out the realised increases in gross revenue last year, the increase in working expenses, and the published changes in gross traffic receipts for the half-year just ended:—

	Rise in Gross revenue, 1911 over 1910.	Rise in expenses, 1911.	Published increase in traffic receipts, 1912 over 1911.
	£	£	£
London and N. Western	+ 221,102	+ 226,371	+ 453,000
Midland	+ 153,463	+ 161,355	+ 331,000
Lancs. and Yorks	+ 70,685	+ 49,266	+ 147,650
Gt. Northern	+ 101,502	+ 44,803	+ 64,300
Gt. Eastern	+ 96,770	+ 77,926	+ 47,600
Gt. Central	+ 109,367	+ 29,035	+ 215,800
Gt. Western	+ 104,070	+ 145,197	+ 402,000
London and S. Western	+ 29,597	+ 37,242	+ 9,100
North Eastern	+ 64,784	+ 58,128	+ 347,600
South Eastern (50 %)	+ 49,194	+ 24,534	+ 21,500
Chatham (41 %)	+ 35,727	+ 18,765	+ 15,000
Brighton	+ 33,433	+ 13,482	+ 12,800
Total	+ £1,069,694	+ £886,104	+ £2,066,750

For the sake of the comparison, the figures have been added up, and they show that these eleven systems (counting the South-Eastern and Chatham as one) have received over two millions more than they did in the corresponding six months of 1911, although in that half-year receipts rose by

more than one million sterling. The figures for this year are only the estimates, and, as a whole, they are always below the truth. It is probable that the real increase in gross revenues will be nearer £2,500,000. In view of the big increase in working expenses last year, it seems likely that the balances available for dividend this year will be larger by a substantial proportion of the gross receipts; but whether the railways are better off or not, the returns are a fine testimony to the prosperity of our internal trade. The importance of the traffic increases as regards dividends on Ordinary stocks can be seen by comparison with the sum required to pay 1 per cent. for the half-year on the Ordinary stock as shown below:—

	1 % per annum on stock costs.	Div. 1911-12.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
London and N. Western Ord.	214,500	6½	134	4 15 0
Midland Def.	194,600	3½	72½	4 19 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	94,100	4½	90½	4 11 0
Gt. Northern Def.	42,200	2½	52½	5 6 0
Gt. Eastern	76,800	2½	61½	4 14 0
Gt. Central, 1889	*51,000	4	79½	5 3 0
Gt. Western	180,500	5½	118	4 10 6
L. and S. Western	72,100	5½	122	4 10 3
North Eastern	158,900	5½	122	4 14 0
South Eastern Ord.	50,250	3½	94	4 4 0
Chatham 1st Pref.	—	4½	90	5 1 3
Brighton Def.	25,500	5½	94½	5 18 0
" Pref.	—	6	124	5 0 0

* Addition to net revenue required to pay 1889 and all prior Preference dividends in full for year.

These yields are calculated on the dividends of the two half-years covering the railway strike and the coal strike. It does not seem likely that the North-Western, Great Western, or Midland, whose increased receipts in 1911 were wholly absorbed by working expenses, will have a similar experience this year, though, of course, home railway management is much more sound than it used to be, and, when possible, working expenses are raised in order to improve the property. Still, where the dividends had to suffer through the coal strike, the directors will be tempted to even matters up out of the splendid receipts of the quarter now ended. In the case of the Great Central, the sum required to keep the carry-forward at the same figure as at last December, and to pay the 1876-79-81 and '89 Preference dividends in full for the year is only £51,000, while traffic receipts on the estimates (which last year were more than 20 per cent. understated) show an increase of more than £200,000. It seems justifiable, therefore, to expect some distribution on the 1891 stock. The remarkable feature of the whole situation is the absolute neglect in which the Home Railway Market has remained all the time these magnificent traffics were being piled up. Prices generally are lower than they were at the beginning of the year.

MR. MORGAN'S EVIDENCE.

Although he is now an old man, Mr. J. P. Morgan showed great intellectual vigor before the Pujio Committee at Washington, which is investigating the so-called Money Trust. Wall Street magnates do not at all like the publicity which is being given to the system of interlocking directorates. A correspondent of a New York paper has thus described the effect which is being produced on people's minds in Washington:—

"When one asks how the testimony has actually impressed Washington (including in that word the official community, the legislative community, and the resident community in general) it must be said that the prevalent idea is that startling and sensational abuses of concentrated capital are being brought to light. There are people here, as elsewhere, who regard the manner and form of inquiry as prejudiced and unfair, or who hold that the institutions under review are being misrepresented. There are even those (as in Wall Street) who impute the aggressive work of the inquiry to personal hostilities or love of publicity. But the great body of Washington people, so far as one can observe, appear to draw the inference that the darker secrets of high finance are being dragged into public view, where the country can see the wrong that has been done to it."

In English banking, of course, the practice which prevails in New York is unknown. The great London banks are entirely independent of one another, and I believe that there is not a single case of one man being a director of more than one of our joint stock banks.

LUCCELLUM.

TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIAN ESTATES, LTD.

THE first ordinary general meeting of the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., was held on Tuesday last, at Salisbury House, E.C., Mr. G. R. Bonnard, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report, the Chairman reminded the shareholders that the Company was formed principally for acquiring the assets and undertakings of the British and Colonial Investments, Limited, the Salisbury and Rhodesia Estates, Limited, and the Bulawayo Market and Offices Company, Limited, for a purchase consideration of 2,100,530 fully paid shares. In addition other interests had been acquired, including stands, buildings, land, and mining interests in Rhodesia for a further consideration of 570,000 fully paid shares.

Dealing with the accounts, the Chairman said he had no hesitation in stating that in his opinion not one of the group of assets appearing on the credit side of the balance-sheet was over-estimated in regard to its value, and, on the contrary, he believed each group would prove to be of much greater value. The period covered by the accounts had been one of considerable anxiety and depression in connection with South African matters, and this position was intensified by the company changing the management of their interests in those parts, placing it directly under their own control, with their own offices and staff.

In Rhodesia their main asset consisted of over 500 stands, or nearly one-fourth of the city of Salisbury. The greater part of that holding was located in the best part of the city.


They looked also to an increase in the value of their interest in Bulawayo and other townships. Generally he thought that in the near future the output of gold from the big mines of Rhodesia would greatly astonish those who in the past had had little to say in favour of Rhodesia as a mining country. Then the wonderful potentialities of Rhodesian land could hardly be over-rated. They had seen the price of land in Canada spring up by leaps and bounds, while the all-round climatic conditions of Rhodesia were infinitely superior.

As to their mining interest, they had developed with a fair measure of success the Fred Mine in the Filabusi district. He thought that in the past too little attention had been given to what he might call the smaller mines. On the Fred they had already erected a five-head stamp battery, and having proved 20,000 tons of ore with an average value of over 1 oz., they should secure a substantial revenue and funds to pay for further active development.

The Chairman proceeded to say that their land holding in Rhodesia consisted of 37,698 acres, with a further half-interest in four further estates, aggregating 298,421 acres, and they had given instructions to commence at once ranching operations on the latter estates. The fact that they practically adjoined the large ranch owned by Messrs. Liebig and Co. led them to believe that they had taken a wise step.

Mr. Jameson seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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